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No. 763.

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PRICE FOURPENCE.
(Stamped Edition, 5d.)

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THE THIRD and last GREAT CHORAL MEETING of CLASSES instructed in SINGING on the Method of W. Gilbert, adapted to English use, under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education, by Mr. JOHN HULLAH, will be held at EXETER HALL on WEDNESDAY, June 23rd, at 8 o'clock. The Semi-Chorus will consist of Five Hundred Voices; the Chorus of Fifteen Hundred. Tickets for Reserved Seats on the Platform, price 10s. 6d. each; for Reserved Seats in the Organ Galleries, price 7s.; and for Reserved Seats in the Western Gallery, price 5s.; may be obtained at Mr. Parker's, Publisher, 45, West Strand.

THE ART-UNIONS OF GERMANY. In order to facilitate and render more convenient to parties not resident in London, who may wish to become Subscribers to these Institutions, (for full particulars of which see advertisement in other columns), Mr. HERMAN, the appointed Agent for this Kingdom, is willing to receive from Gentlemen resident in the following Cities and Towns, Proposals for the Office of Honorary Local Secretary, in the name of which Office a preference will be given to any one more immediately in connexion with Art or Literature in the town in which he is resident. The application to be accompanied by a reference in London.

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Sheffield		

German Repository of Art, 1, Newmarket-street, London, 1st June, 1842.

AFRICAN CIVILIZATION SOCIETY. HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT, K.G. President.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a Public Meeting of the Society, and Friends of the Society, for the Extension of the Slave Trade and for the Civilization of Africa, will be held at Exeter Hall, Strand, on TUESDAY, the 21st day of June inst. By order of the Committee.

The doors will be opened at Eleven o'clock, and the Chair will be taken by LORD ASHLEY, M.P. at Twelve o'clock precisely. N.B. Tickets of Admission may be obtained at the Office of the Society, No. 15, Parliament-street; Messrs. J. Hatchard & Co. 17, Piccadilly; J. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, and St. Paul's Churchyard; L. & G. Searcy, 169, Fleet-street; J. Nisbet & Co. 21, Berners-street, Oxford-street; Harrey & Darton, 55, Gracechurch-street; J. W. Parker, 45, West Strand; and Smith, Elder & Co. 65, Cornhill.

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Also, on FRIDAY, June 17, A valuable COLLECTION of LAW BOOKS; being the LIBRARY of a BARRISTER retiring from the Profession, comprising Reports in the various Courts, Books of Practice, Treatises, &c. &c. May be viewed, and Catalogues had. Valuations made of Libraries, Office Furniture, &c.

THE SELECT CABINET OF PICTURES OF JOSEPH DELAFIELD, ESQ. DECEASED. By Messrs. CHRISTIE & MANSON, at their Great Room, King-street, St. James's-square, on FRIDAY, June 17, at One o'clock precisely.

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MICHAEL SAWARD, Secretary.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that Ships will be regularly despatched on the 1st day of every Month during the present year, to one or more of the Company's Settlements of Wellington, Nelson, and New Plymouth.

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By order of the Court,
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New Zealand House, Broad-street Buildings,
May 13, 1842.

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New Zealand House, Broad-street Buildings,
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30	1 6 10	1 10 2	1 10 11	2 7 4	2 17 6	
40	1 15 1	2 4 4	2 14 6	3 7 3	4 3 4	
50	2 16 7	3 9 4	4 5 5	5 6 3	6 13 7	

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35	1 9 7	1 10 9	3 4 7
40	1 18 11	1 19 0	3 10 3
50	3 10 2	3 10 2	6 0 10

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1842.

REVIEWS

Romantic Biography of the Age of Elizabeth, by the Benedictine Order of Glendalough. Edited by W. C. Taylor, L.L.D. 2 vols. Bentley.

THE Preface to this amusing work gives at once a very necessary explanation, and sets our mind at rest respecting the assertion of the title-page, as to the Biography having been written by monks of an order unknown to us, and of the present day. We knew, indeed, that Mr. Pugin had, of late, built several new monasteries, but had not heard of the institution of a new order. It appears, however, that the monks of Glendalough, which cannot deserve to be called a "gloomy wave," in spite of the poet's assertion, and the fate of poor Kathleen, are a fraternity of collegians from Dublin, who set forth on a pedestrian expedition to explore the romantic beauties of the county of Wicklow. "By that Lake" they sat and conversed, and calling to mind the historical stores which they had gleaned in the College library, they determined to collect and publish the lore which had so much entertained them. The result appears in the two volumes now presented to the reader. The Introduction is, perhaps, a little more flippant than was becoming, but how can we be severe when the author "declines all war, and protests against all controversy," and declares it as his deliberate opinion that "harmony will never be restored amongst mankind until we have learnt that we are all blockheads together, and entered into a compact for the mutual toleration of the follies of each other? To facilitate this compromise, we have endeavoured to show," he says, "that folly, though mischievous, is amusing, and that if men could only be brought to laugh at it, instead of scolding, cursing and persecuting it, the world would be more merry, more wise, and more happy." He sets out, therefore, with telling the reader that his aim is to make a jest of history—"poisoning in jest"—and indulges in a few puns to make his meaning more apparent.

Margaret of Valois, wife of Henry IV., is the heroine of the first biography; and her own memoirs, occasionally altered, to suit certain views, furnish many of the details. We do not know why she, or her mother, is reproached with her want of likeness to her father Henry II., or why it is presumed that "little is known of Catherine de Medicis"—a personage of whom more has been written both by historians and novelists than of almost any other queen, if we except her daughter-in-law Mary Stuart. We think it, however, rather beyond *jesting*, that the biographer should persist, from the starting point, in giving credit to all the aspersions cast by her enemies on Marguerite, even to her "more than sisterly affection for Anjou"—a piece of scandal as odious as the charges brought against the unfortunate Anne Boleyn. La Mole, too, is here said to have "dictated, when at the block, a tender farewell to the Queen of Navarre;" whereas Estoile, who was not very scrupulous—even he says no more than that the "Baladin de la Cour" recommended himself to the Queen of Navarre and the Ladies." A word or two omitted as well as added, sometimes makes a strange difference. We suppose by *Hussy* d'Amboise, for so it stands throughout, the author means Bussy, whom he makes the successor of La Mole in the good graces of the Pearl of Princesses. The circumstances which are made to tell against the wife of Henry of Navarre at his court of Nerac, according to the showing of every historian, as well as her own simple account, speak rather more against the Vert Galant than his too indulgent Queen. The list of scandals which are here introduced to over-

whelm the memory of Marguerite with infamy are endless—and to crown all, she is said to have lived publicly with her jailor at Usson as his mistress, when it is notorious, that to get rid of him as well as his importunities, she employed a *ruse* more witty than honest, and cheated him out of his castle, of which she became possessor, and kept that strong fortress against her enemies as long as she continued there.

That Henry and Marguerite could not agree under all the strange circumstances of their union, is not extraordinary—nor is it likely that those who wished to obtain his favour and find an excuse for his errors, would spare his powerless wife, whose gaiety and beauty and probable levity of manners gave abundant room for their bitter attacks. It is known that Henry was so careless of his own dignity, as to give promises of marriage to two abandoned women—and known, also, that Marguerite refused to give her consent to the divorce till the King had fixed on a successor worthy to fill the place he denied her. Her remaining "a faithful partizan of her former husband" is surely no disgrace to her, but her "bitterly bewailing his death" is not so certain. She was a persecuted, unfortunate, ill-treated woman—ill-treated by her mother and brothers, none of whom she resembled, and who are acknowledged to have been monsters in human form—she was disliked and neglected by her husband, whose delicacy or constancy is never asserted, whatever may have been his bravery, generosity, and kindness of heart. Henry had no faith in the virtue of women, because he attached himself to the most worthless, and he readily believed, or at least did not *always*, though in some instances *he did*, contradict the aspersions thrown upon the beautiful, fascinating, and dangerously exposed wife, whose genius, grace, kindness, and vanity, surrounded her with a host of adorers in the most profligate court of Europe. It is unjust to jest "away the life's life" even of a queen who has slept in her grave for centuries:—and our brother of Glendalough, though he may make the idle smile—"cannot but make the judicious weep."

The verses of Marguerite are well rendered, but the translator falls into the common error of attributing the sentiments of the poet to personal feeling—as well may a good actor be accused of experiencing all the passions he knows so well how to feign.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, is the next subject selected by the biographer, and his life gives plenty of opportunity for "scandal about Queen Elizabeth." In relating the marriage of Leicester with Amy Robsart a curious passage occurs. "After the marriage, there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should first take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts." This is a singular picture of refined amusement: our ancestors were certainly somewhat rough in their pastimes. We were a little startled at the comment of the editor. "It would be well if they or others had taken away the heads of all the geese, who, imagining themselves swans, have versified the sad termination of this marriage." Though there is little in these volumes which has not been published before, some of the extracts are not the less entertaining: for instance the prescription of Lord Audley for secretary Cecil.

"A good medicine for weakness or consumption:—Take a sow-pig of nine days' old, flea him and quarter him, and put him in a stillatory, with a handful of spearmint, a handful of red fennel, a handful of liverwort, half a handful of red nepe (turnips), a handful of celery, nine dates clean picked and pared, a handful of great raisins, and pick out the stones, and a quarter of an ounce of mace, and two sticks of

good cinnamon, bruised in a mortar; and distil it together with a fair fire; and put it in a glass, and set it in the sun nine days; and drink nine spoonfuls of it at once when you list."

The second prescription is entitled "*A compost*."

"Item. Take a porpin, otherwise called an English hedgehog, and quarter him in pieces, and put the said beast in a still, with these ingredients; item, a quart of red wine, a pint of rose-water, a quart of sugar, cinnamon, and great raisins, one date, and twelve nepe."

The Editor observes on this:—"The man who swallowed this compost might have been what the Irish call 'a broth of a boy'; but Cecil had attained that character already, and so he left Lord Audley to carry his sow-pigs and hedgehogs to another market."

The following epigram on the Duke d'Alençon's nose, which was said to be of enormous size, was circulated on the occasion of his visit to Holland. This unlucky feature is whimsically made a type of the duplicity of his character: the epigram is thus rendered into English:—

Good people of Flanders, pray do not suppose
That 'tis monstrous this Frenchman should double his nose;
Dame Nature her favours but rarely misplaces;
She has given two noses to match his two faces.

Whatever fault may be found with the *déconu* style of the early portion of these volumes, the tone and temper of other biographies, seemingly by another hand, or written with a different purpose, will atone by their sobriety for former gossip. The account of Castelnau and Feneçon is a repetition of often told circumstances respecting the ceaseless contentions in France, with little to relieve the monotony of the still recurring wickedness and treachery of all the parties concerned. One anecdote, perhaps, less generally known, relates to the accident of Castelnau's advancement:—

"The Cardinal de Lorraine happening to lament in his presence that he had missed hearing an eloquent sermon preached by the Bishop of Valence: Castelnau, who had been more fortunate, offered to repeat the sermon from memory, and furthermore, to imitate exactly the tones and attitudes of the preacher. The Cardinal declared that if he succeeded, the best horse in the stable should be his reward. Castelnau made the attempt, and the unanimous approbation of all present vouched for his success. He received the horse; but the Cardinal did not limit himself to such a boon: he strenuously recommended Castelnau to all the princes of the house of Guise, and procured him several lucrative employments."

Some particulars of Castelnau's visit, as ambassador to the English court, may also interest the reader:—

"In the latter part of the reign of Henry II., Castelnau held several important offices; he was intrusted with the superintendence of the garrisons of Picardy after the battle of St. Quentin; he had a share in negotiating the treaty of Chateau-Cambresis, and he was sent as ambassador to Elizabeth, who had just ascended the throne of England, to procure her consent to the articles of pacification. Though Castelnau has left no direct record of this embassy, yet, from the documents which he collected, and which have been subjoined to his memoirs by his friendly commentator and continuator, Le Laboureur, we are enabled to glean some particulars, which are not without value as materials for English History. Elizabeth was at this time very anxious to remove all doubts respecting her legitimacy, and she was, therefore, particularly anxious to learn in what light the marriage of her unfortunate mother was viewed in the court of France. On this subject, Castelnau was prepared to give her satisfactory explanation; he showed that the divorce of Catherine of Arragon was originally devised by Cardinal Wolsey, out of spite to Charles V.; that he hoped to place in her room the Duchess of Alençon, sister to the King of France, who was a handsome and sprightly widow; and that this project had been

sanctioned by Francis I. and his mother Louisa. This was high authority for the validity of the grounds on which the divorce was pronounced: it remained to vindicate the marriage with Anne Boleyn. It appeared that Anne's first intimacy with the King originated in her anxiety to promote the French match: she had known the Duchess of Alençon when she went to France as lady of honour to the Princess Mary, and had been taken under her protection, when Mary's precipitate marriage with the Duke of Suffolk compelled that lady to return to England. Anne Boleyn's memory was thus relieved from the reproach of having taken part against Catherine from purely selfish motives. Her opinion of the invalidity of Henry's first marriage was formed before she had a hope of becoming a Queen; she entered into these intrigues to promote the interests of another, and to the King's passion, not to her own ambition, was owing the change that placed her upon the throne which she had designed for her friend. Nor was this all: Castelnau had documents to prove that the French court had not only recognized Anne Boleyn as a legitimate Queen, but had eagerly courted her friendship and alliance. Admiral Chabot had been sent into England, soon after the birth of Elizabeth, to negotiate a treaty with Henry, which was to be cemented by a contract of marriage between the infant princess and the Duke of Angoulême, third son of Francis I. Henry VIII., who had just acknowledged Elizabeth as his only legitimate child, eagerly entered into the project; he demanded that Francis and all the authorities of his kingdom, should unite in obtaining from the Pope a solemn sanction of Catherine's divorce and Anne Boleyn's marriage; that the Duke of Angoulême should be educated in England; and that, in case of his accession to the English crown, the Duchy of Angoulême should be independent of France. Francis assented to these conditions; but, in return, he demanded that Henry should give up the annual pension paid by France, and should give its monarch effective aid in the wars of Savoy. Here the negotiation was wrecked; Henry was equally rapacious and extravagant, he declared that the pension was but a poor consideration for giving the heiress of England to a younger son of France, and, at the same time, he asserted the illegitimacy of Mary in such coarse terms, that the ambassador turned away in disgust. Chabot returned to France, and left the conduct of the negotiations to his secretary, Palamedes Goutier. The interviews which Goutier had with Henry and with Wolsey's successor, Cromwell, led to no decisive result; he, therefore, applied himself to Anne Boleyn, who was anxious for the match, especially as she had begun to dread the caprice of her fickle husband. Goutier says that when he presented the letters with which he was entrusted for her, she seemed quite terrified; she dreaded lest her intercourse with him might excite jealousy; she declared that she felt herself on the brink of ruin, and expressed an eager desire to have the support of the King of France. It is evident, from the tone of the letter, that Goutier foresaw Anne's approaching ruin, and this probably induced him to suspend the negotiations for the proposed marriage. How far this information was satisfactory to Elizabeth, we have no means of ascertaining, further than that ever afterwards she evinced the highest respect for Castelnau. To him the evidence of Elizabeth's legitimacy appeared conclusive; he steadily asserted her claims to the crown whenever they were disputed, and thus weakened the ties which bound him to the house of Guise.

There are some striking scenes in the memoir of Pope Sixtus the Fifth, but though written with spirit they want novelty, and therefore interest to well-informed readers. The exclamation of this Pope on the death of Mary Stuart is startling:—

"When the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, filled all Europe with horror and amazement, Sixtus applauded the firmness and courage of Queen Elizabeth in bringing a crowned head to the block, exclaiming 'My God! what a glorious princess!' and then, stamping his foot, 'What would I not give to have it in my power to signalize myself in the same manner!'"

The Biography of Charles de Valois, Duc

d'Angoulême, is amusing, and has some features of novelty. Dr. Taylor observes—

"Charles of Valois was the natural son of Charles IX.; enough is known about his father, and so we shall direct our attention to a far more interesting person—his mother. The beautiful Mary Touchet was the daughter of a poor lieutenant in the bailiwick of Orleans; her mother, the natural daughter of an Italian physician, was equally remarkable for the beauty of her person and the extent of her gallantries, and Mary soon rivalled her in both. An epigram written on her at an early age, declares—

"She's Venus in her lovely face,
She's Venus in her slender waist,
She's Venus in her ease and grace,
And, faith, she's Venus in her taste."

The biography of Dr. Dee, though here again the subject has little novelty—the work of Mr. Mackay, on 'Popular Delusions,' having reproduced all that had long been known—is nevertheless amusing, and the specimens of *alchemical poetry* curiously absurd. The motive of Queen Elizabeth's favour to the enthusiast is, perhaps, placed in a proper light; there can be little doubt that most of the sovereigns of those and even of later times, made use of these men as spies, and for that reason gave apparent credence to their assertions; although the removal of Dee, by the direct appointment of the Queen, to so obscure and remote a place as Manchester, throws a doubt on this conjecture. The Queen's present of *cheese* to the Doctor introduces this epigram.

The way to make a Welchman thirst for bliss,
And say his prayers daily on his knees,
Is to persuade him that most certain 'tis
The moon is made of nothing but green cheese!
And he'll desire of God no greater boon,
But place in Heaven to feed upon the moon.

Which of the "stones," used by the adepts, was that lately sold at Strawberry Hill? Was it "the principal stone," or "this other stone," or "the first sanctified stone," or "the usual show stone," or "the holy stone,"—for Dee and Kelly made use of many. We handled that mysterious relic with infinite awe, and could only regret that there was no necromancer near to explain its uses; the spirit of the great Doctor must have been vexed to see it *knocked down* at a very small sum, though some utilitarian philosophers might think it fetched more than its worth.

In the life of John Darrel the exorcist, the following passage is curious, as affording an excellent description of costume. The spirit that possessed the young lady "goes up and down" as much as ever, and is one, we suspect, "whom no exorcism can bind."

"Margaret Hardman, in her fourteenth year, being in a trance of three hours' long, and possessed at that time, as it seemed, with a *spirit of pride*, did most lively express, both by words and gestures, the proud women of our time, who cannot content themselves with any sober or modest apparel, but are very ready to follow any new and disguised fashion, and yet never think themselves fine enough: whereupon she said, 'Come on, my lad,' for she called the spirit that stood before her in that likeness to teach her all the tricks of pride, 'come on and set my partlet on the one side as I do on the other, and as she was a setting of it she said unto him thus: 'My lad, I will have a fine smock of silk, it shall be finer than thine; I will have a petticoat of silk, not of red, but of the best silk that is: it shall be garded a foot high: it shall be laid on with gold lace: it shall have a French body, not of whalebone, for that is not stiff enough, but of horn, for that will hold it out; my lad, I will have a French fardingle, it shall be finer than thine; I will have it low before, and high behind, and broad on either side, that I may lay my arms upon it. My lad, thy gown is of crimson satin, but mine shall be of black velvet, finer than thine. I will have my sleeves set out with wire, for sticks will break, and are not stiff enough. I will have my cap of black velvet, with a feather to it, with flews of gold, and my hair shall be set with pearls. I will have my

partlet set with a rebater, and starched with blue starch, and pinned with a row or two of pins.' With that she snatched the partlet from her neck and threw it at him, saying, 'Take it, thou, for I cannot make it as fine as thine. I pray thee come and help me to set it. My lad, I will have a bush of whalebone: it shall be tied with two silk points, and I will have a drawn wrought stomacher, embossed with gold, and a girdle of gold, finer than thine.—I will have a scarf of red silk, with a gold lace about the edge. I will have a fan with a *silver steale*, and a glass set in it. My lad, thou must bring me a pair of gloves of the finest leather that may be, with two gold laces about the thumbs, and a fringe on the top, with flews and red silk underneath, that I may draw them through a gold ring, or else I will have none of them. My lad, I will have my basin and ewer of silver, and my towel of silk, finer than thine: I will have my gelding, and saddle and furniture fit, my footstool also fine and brave, or else I will not ride. I will have my cloak and savegarde laid with lace, fine and brave, and finer than thine.' And presently after this she said, 'I defy thee, Satan, and thy pride, for this thy illusion and devise, I will none of it:' and then reverting, said 'Jesu blem me!' but remembered nothing that she had either said or done."

The details of many of these cases of possession are so like the wonders of mesmerism, that they may be received as proof that there is no folly so exposed but that it has a chance of revival—that there have been fools and knaves in all ages, and pretenders to imaginary sciences, whom the "great vulgar and the small" are always eager to credit. We cannot think why Dr. Taylor should have taken the trouble to "hunt out the original copy" of the account of the possessed nuns of London, which all persons fond of the marvellous must have read—it appears new to him, but, we imagine, can be so to few besides.

As we have stated, there is little new in these volumes; but they will be welcome to the general reader as pleasant gossip, and even occasionally useful as works of reference, particularly in those memoirs where the graver style has been adopted. A capital engraving of Queen Elizabeth, after Hilliard, adorns the first volume; it is one of the best of that variously represented princess; the dress is gorgeous past belief, and the countenance expressive and dignified.

Illustration of two Roman Sepulchres of the Augustan Age, discovered by the Illustrator, Chevalier G. Pietro Campana—[Sepolcri Romani, &c.] Rome, Monaldi.

A green waste, almost tree-less and house-less, surrounds the Eternal City, reaching between her few, half-inhabited, forlorn outposts, up to her very walls, and stretching away to the feet of the mountains far off. How often, as we wandered over this desolate expanse of verdure, while absorbed in our meditations upon its numberless mounds and tombs and other ruinous memorials, how often did we imagine it a vast Grave-yard—another Eternal City, a City of the Dead, whose mansions just heaved their roofs above ground, and whose denizens slept for ever beneath! So strong is the illusion, that even we, who are noways given to fanciful theories, felt at times persuaded that the hillocks after hillocks which rose before us, were the *tumuli* or *barrows* of a gigantic race,—Pre-Adamites, perhaps, or Ante-diluvians, coeval and coequal with Behemoth and Leviathan, and those enormous nondescript creatures once existent though now extinct. But is not the Campana, in truth, the cemetery of a bygone giant people? of their colossal works, too, as well as their selves? Are not these huge turf-clad undulations, in truth, heaped over a Titan brood, the cruel offspring of earth impregnated with blood? To what other name do their sanguinary

temper, their prodigious energies, and their audacious deeds entitle them? If we did not hear them groan from their burning tombs under our feet, like Enceladus and his brethren under Etna and the Phlegrean Fields, if we did not, with classical implicit faith, feel the earth tremble while they endeavoured to throw its weight off their shoulders, or tossed their restless limbs beneath it,—certain localities, we must aver, did send forth effluvia which made them much resemble vent-holes for the respiration of spirits in pain and for sulphurous sighs, while a yellow-green, brackish fluid was also discharged, that might be taken for the gall of bitterness, and the sweat of torture, and remorseful tears mingled together. However this may be, tillers of the Campagna could scarcely drive their ploughs through that soil without striking against a relic or rust-eaten implement of war or peace, a sarcophagus or a sepulchre, an architectural foundation or fragment of sculpture, and perhaps on the slightest further search turning up a coin, a trinket, a useful or an elegant production of art. But modern Romans seldom do so: they refrain from disturbing the earth with plough or mattock as religiously as if it were, indeed, the sacred dust of their ancestors. Either that, or a filial aversion to disfigure the bosom of Alma Tellus, beautiful Mother Nature, makes almost all these her considerate children prefer the lazy shepherd-life to the agricultural, and keeps almost the whole suburban plain of Rome a wild, open, smooth-tufted cattle-walk. This is their idea of the Golden Age, which with them consists in idleness, not innocence! At great intervals, perhaps, they scarify the ground for a small garden, or trench or punch it about as deep as a fox-and-goose table for a field of—we beg Ceres' pardon—a bed of grain. Nay, half Rome itself is pasture-land, and more of it would be so but that it is altogether barren. Cacus might still feed Herculean oxen on Mount Aventine: Monte Testaccio (Potsherd Hill) would graze all the sheep which come to the Roman shambles, were it only covered with the "immondizio" that manures the Roman streets; in fact, such lean, dry, dark-red carrion as calls itself mutton, does relish of the potsheds, and may be depastured among them like beetles for aught we know. Mounts Caelius and Esquilinus are less deserted landscapes, yet large portions of them are as silent and vacant as savannahs, their soil delved into by vermin alone, or buried beneath more rubbish than the cellars of fallen Babylon. Both the builder and the excavator fear trespassing on ground, which would seem either so very profane or so very sanctified; and should they be obliged to work there, proceed as leisurely as if they were about to raise their own gallows or dig their own grave.

Our remarks, being general, admit of some few exceptions. Certain scoopings, dignified with the name *Scavi*, have been made at different points of Rome and her environs; perforations not altogether deep enough to let in daylight on Pluto, but enough for partial discoveries. One and another native of that land from which all *Virtuosi*, *Cognoscenti*, *Dilettanti*, derive these flattering titles, has endeavoured to merit them himself; while, for the most part, Hotspur's popinjay Lord could not stop his nose with more contempt at a dead corpse, than a Roman Signor at the aroma of a freshly-opened antique sepulchre. Cavaliere Campana is a celebrated and successful explorer of subterranean regions, in especial of that immense *terra incognita* lying just under the feet of its proprietors—Old classic Rome—which might as well lie as far under them as their antipodes,—the whole world's axis beneath them as well as a barleycorn's depth! What care the modern Quirites about their progenitors—predecessors, we mean?

Due cose solamente bramano—Maccheroni ed il Corso!

Not many years ago Signor Campana disinterred these curious Sepulchres, now opened to us also by means of his splendid work, containing divers plans and illustrations, some coloured like the original objects, and all accompanied by ample and precise descriptions. Outside the Latin Gate is a spacious solitude, fringed near the walls with a few shrubs: another is inside the Appian Gate hard by, as if Desolation chose his town and country seats contiguous. Here, were the two Sepulchres respectively discovered. They are both of that multiple-tomb order denominated *Columbaria*, i. e. dove-houses, from the number of small, low niches in their sides for the reception of cinerary urns, miniature votive altars, &c. Perhaps, as these niches or nests face inwards, *Gallinaria*, i. e. hen-houses, were a more appropriate and expressive, though less poetic, title; but we employ this irreverent name only to preclude misconception on the part of our readers who have never seen a real *Columbarium*, nor picture of one, nor even that apology for one at the British Museum; and who might therefore conceive an assemblage of sacred reliques exposed like eggs in a pigeon-box to every impious hand or casual harm. Quite the reverse; shut up as they were between the close walls of their common depository, sunshine and the soft dews and the breath of Heaven alone penetrated among them. These lodging-houses for the dead seem to have been let at immortal leases, in separate chambers, or suites of niches, to various persons or parties, mostly of the lower order, often of the same household where dependents abounded; but not always to tenants of either plebeian or servile condition, as sometimes the Patrons themselves took up their last abodes amongst those faithful domestics with whom they had shared their first. It is pleasing to see the family-circle yet hold together, even in the state of dissolution itself! Within side each sepulchre, stairs led down to its floor, and a skylight through the coved roof which remains over one, tells how such receptacles were illumined and ventilated. Rows of apertures, as we have said, ran round the whole interior; some considerable enough to admit sarcophagi, urns, altar-tombs, and funereal utensils and superfluities at once; to be adorned like temple porticos with pillared jambs and pediments; to have their surfaces painted likewise, and covered with decorations architectural, sculptural, or pictorial. Signor Campana's coloured engravings portray these monuments of ancient vanity and art in their actual and, preserved as they have been, original state. Singular! that many persons here deposited should do more good, perhaps, to mankind after their deaths than during their lives!—yea, do this when they are themselves most impotent, rather than when they were most vigorous! that some who perhaps could not themselves read S.P.Q.R. on a standard, should instruct our deep-learned scholars in the abstrusest points of Roman History—the domestic rites, customs, tastes, manners, arts mechanical and mental, of the Romans!—Strange that they should now utter eloquent lessons, didactic, ethic, and poetic, who were tongue-tied when living, except to utter flagitiousness or frivolities, platitudes or semi-articulate nonsense! Yet so it is!—their very ashes are now become precious as gold dust, though their entire bodies, at any period whatever, before they were charred, might have been worth scarce an *as*! The bones of Edward Longshanks, which after his death still led on his host, had greater virtue in them than breathed in the well-fleshed frame of his unwelcome successor, who was joint-General with them; but had they conquered all Scotland, what comparison would they bear in utility to the humble reliques found here? Perpetual insurrection and bloodshed must have followed that event, dis-

union between the kingdoms, rendering future union impossible. On the other hand, these relics will produce, if no better effect, peace among antiquaries: to be serious, they decide the long litigated question, whether corpses were buried as well as burned in later Roman times. Two are entire bodies.* Many doubts, besides, are set at rest, many old positions confirmed, many new suggested or established. Again we say, the veritable dead-weights upon the social machine are the useless living who encumber it. Let us hope that modern personages, however unprofitable to the present era, will prove of some benefit to posterity, by transmitting through the medium of their tombstones and sepulchres even the smallest modicum of knowledge instead of flat-teries and falsehoods!

The elegant, sentimental Dodwell condemns Lord Elgin's antiquarian robberies at Athens as sacrilegious; he describes them in terms which might have been applied to the plunder of Delphos by impious and godless Etolians. And this he does just after his cool recipe for "the development of tombs," as follows: "It is performed by first breaking the trapeza, or cover, with a large hammer, and then overturning it with a strong pole." He says, likewise, with the perfect sang froid of innocence, that the first day of his operations at the Piræus he "employed ten men, who, in the course of nine hours, opened thirty tombs." He does not tell us whether he replaced all the trapezas, nor what impalpable cement enabled him to re-unite them after such pitiless smashing. We are no abettors of dilapidation, whether performed upon temples or tombs; neither can we make nice distinctions between gentle or simple "developers" of graves; all are *bustirapi*, burglars who break into the narrow house to despoil it; some may be coarse and ignorant fellows, some polished and erudite philosophers, but their pursuit is the same,—to us it seems much the same, let your "excavator" violate a sanctuary after twelve hours or twelve hundred years, let him rob it of a guinea ring or a golden crown! Stay, we do acknowledge a difference; the common grave-opener becomes such at the call of hunger, perhaps from a dozen mouths; whilst his amateur rival turns monument-cracker because he knows not how else to get rid of his money and his time! But if the profession be lawful, nay creditable, for gentlemen, though scandalous, and perilous too, for poor plebeian rogues, away with sentimentalities, special pleadings in *foro conscientia*, squeamishness about appropriation of metopes and statues, accompanied by utter callousness about destruction of sepulchres, disturbance of their inmates' hallowed dust, ransack and rape of their contents—urns, pateræ, bones, and tear-bottles—all things pickable or stealable, from Roman amulets and Greek oboli up to Egyptian mummied monarchs and Etruscan regalia. We must set off the use against the abuse: such investigations, excavations, spoliations, are at least serviceable to historians, antiquarians, artists, connoisseurs, and students in the moral nature of man. One question regarding this moral nature we may here discuss.

How far forth has the change from Heathenism to Christianity modified the apprehension of death? Is the King of Terrors more or less dreadful to men under this dispensation than the Queen of Terrors was under that—for *Mors* and *Moirai* were feminine beings? At first guess,

* Historians also cry up John Zisca's skin, which he bequeathed his soldiers to make a drum of, that it might double their courage; but it did not a thousandth part of the service (though it slew a thousand men), that the shrivelled scalp of an Egyptian mummy performs by its various revelations.

† So, too, *Libitina* and *Atropos*. Death represented as masculine, seems a barbaric mythos, which did not prevail throughout European fiction till recent times. Petrarch, in his *Trionfo della Morte*, and *Orgagna*, in his sublime

we should conclude more, by reason of the gay, sportive, voluptuous subjects which usually adorned ancient sepulchres—Bacchanalian rites, cupids, garlands, glittering vases, &c., golden and bright-coloured embellishments. What a contrast to those dismal decorations, the skull and cross bones, upon modern tombs! If we add the *triclinia*, or three-sided chamber, enriched with cheerful paintings from life and nature, where funeral banquets were held, heathen mausolea will look rather like luxurious retreats for *bon-vivants* than receptacles for the dead. Even to such a Columbarium as either of these before us, which, albeit not patrician, exhibit superabundance and elegance becoming that order, we might well apply the poet's exclamation,

*Ars et gratia, lusus et voluptas,
Atque omnes Veneres, Cupidinesque,
Hoc sunt condita, quo Paris sepulchro!*

Yet have we a suspicion that all this profuse display of art and splendour and ornamental beauty and apparatus for joyous proceedings, betokened a veritable sadness in the soul, deep enough to have bordered on despair, and thus assumed its masque of reckless levity. The ancients, perhaps, made the portal of Death's realm as attractive as they could to diminish their horror of the place itself, to delude themselves with the idea that it corresponded with its entrance, to dazzle their mind's eye from piercing into the gloom, and distract their thoughts from dwelling upon it. Elysium, itself, was no state of bliss in their unhappy creed. Achilles, when among the shades, confesses he would exchange its fields of resplendent amaranth and asphodel for the poorest pad-dock upon earth. Tibullus prays against premature translation thither—"Elysios olim liceat cognoscere campos"—as if it were anything but desirable. This shows what opinion the Greeks and Latins held of a future existence, even when most eligible. They had, consequently, all the fears that a Christian can have, whilst they had not his *hopes*; if wicked, they were as sure of punishment hereafter, if virtuous, they were either doubtful of any existence at all awaiting them, or imagined it one by no means delightful. Whether they held the belief of annihilation, or of such a lugubrious Elysium, we can understand their sepulchral pomps and vanities, we can excuse these things better in them than in professors of a religion, who should draw from it higher consolations. Even the *cæna feralis*, the Sybarite last supper, partaken amidst objects of sensual excitement mingled with mournful symbols and accessories—joyous sounds echoing through the sacred vault, ringing faintly from urn to urn, whilst over the ashes within, came fumes of wine, breathing at once the inebriated *Uo Bacche* and the plaintive *Vale, in eternum vale*!—even this may be pardoned when mortal life was deemed the limit of certain happiness. Epicureanism became by necessity the prevalent religious system—a system wherein temperance is commendable only so far as it lengthens out the time, and adds zest to the perception, of pleasure. Under gospel light such customs are revolting, and beyond palliation, except where this light has never been let shine, save through a dim, discoloured lamp, or a phantasmagorical magic-lantern—for ignorance, which, like charity, covers a great many sins, will shield Highland and Irish funeral orgies from anger, and leave them simply ludicrous. It is a fact like a paradox, that the manners of ancient classic lands should be exhibited in the present day by a nation at the very opposite pole of Europe and of refinement. But the Gaelic "wake," with its festive indecorums, still reproduces the sepulchral *symposium*, though it may caricature the features of that elegant rite. We detect the sweet Greek

fresco at Pisa, adhere to the elastic gender. We use the word "barbaric" very widely, but not disparagingly: Death on the pale Horse, perhaps, made the new sex popular.

word of lament—*Eleen*—so vowelily to suit lengthened cries, so liquid to pour itself out with the utterer's tears—we have heard it almost syllabled, among the wilds and savage wastes of our Sister land, whose well-known burial wail—*Illithu* or *Whillithu*—has been deemed peculiarly barbarian. Beyond doubt it shocks our nicer taste to connect the Greek *ololugé* with the Irish "howl," yet the Latin middle-term *ululatus* proves, if proof were needful, their relationship. *Præfata*, or hired mourners, furnish another tie between the two customs. Both, however, perhaps diverged from a common usage earlier than either,—the loud effusion of grief natural to all infant peoples,—and thus retain a similitude without any imitation. A law of the Twelve Tables, which forbids women to tear their cheeks or howl at funerals, points far back into barbaric times, long before decency taught the suppression of outrageous sorrow, or vanity proscribed every genuine outburst as unbecoming to the countenance. Yet real love despises all law, whether public or private; the well-bred Tibullus, in a civilized age, entreats his Delia not to hurt his sympathetic *Manes* by lacerating a beauty that would be still dear to him:—

*Tu Manes ne læde meos: sed parce solutus
Crinibus, et teneris, Delia, parce genis!*

Let us note here, that neither Roman ghosts nor cemetery gods could have been very thin-skinned if, as Tertullian tells us, the *worst pieces* at funeral banquets were given to the latter, while the former had only *two fragments*, thus being little better off than the dogs and pensioners of Dives.

Many other customs and curious particulars are illustrated by Signor Campana's volume, but we can do no more than thus allude to the major part of them. Among them, however, this point merits especial notice, because modern criticism is somewhat astray concerning it. In these Columbaria exist, as we have said, small templar porticos, which form decorative façades for tombs, like the rock-cut fronts on Egyptian, Syrian, Lycian, and various Eastern hills, mostly where necropoli are posited. That is one perversion of architectural principle,—a façade or roof-end *inside* a structure,—and another is broken-backed pediments, the pommels or apices being scooped out, and the two wings left without any inter-connexion. Both absurdities were familiar to the Romans, who had a taste for rendering architecture irrational, and from them such corruptions became hereditary among Romanesque, Italian, and all modern classical professors of the *Ars Edificandi*. So that the broken frontispieces reprobated as eccentric novelties in Michaelangelo's structures, are neither eccentric nor novel, because common and antique: but they are not the less bad, though they can plead time-honoured precedents. Let us specify some other articles. Nothing new under the sun, saith *Salomon*, as our English wisest of mankind should have taught us to call him: a female corse, mentioned above, was found laid out in gorgeous paraphernalia, redolent of perfumes and sleek with precious unguents;—here is Pope's 'Narcissa' long, long ago anticipated! his satire justified!—which it is by many a kindred example:—

*Odious! in woollens! 'twould a saint provoke!
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke!
No! let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And Betty—give this cheek a little red!*

On the subject of "lachrymatories," Signor Campana differs from most critical writers, including King David, who particularizes tear-bottles (Ps. lvi. 8); he holds them to have been rather scent-bottles, or phials for odorous oils. The image, we own, is somewhat ludicrous of a mourner squeezing out tears into these very narrow-necked vessels, and taking care not to

weep oversized drops, or let one of them miss the orifice, lest the measure of her grief might appear scanty. However, we must, on the other hand, acknowledge that there are few things more risible than the greatest solemnities in use among mankind, and that perhaps the absurdness of a practice may have been, as it often is still, its highest recommendation. "Adhuc sub judice lis est," and we leave the cause in literary Chancery.

The Life of Augustus Viscount Keppel.

[Second Notice.]

On the breaking out of the American war, Keppel was appointed to the command of the fleet intended to co-operate with General Braddock's land forces. In this expedition he was accompanied by Capt. Palliser, then in command of the *Seahorse*, whose name was destined to make so signal a figure in the annals of his future life. The expedition was marked by no striking achievement; and in the summer of 1755, on Admiral Boscawen being sent out to take the chief command, Keppel received orders to return to England, "just in time to carry home the intelligence that his coadjutor, General Braddock, had been killed, and the force he had commanded surprised and put to the rout."

It was in the beginning of 1756 that the rumours of French invasion began to put our statesmen and our people on the alert;—in March, that the ill-fated Admiral Byng hoisted his flag on board the *Ramilles*, for the relief of Minorca. Simultaneously with this, Keppel, at the head of a squadron, was dispatched on "a secret and pressing service," with which Byng was forbidden to interfere: a service, continues Keppel's biographer—

"Which occupied eight days in the execution, might have been equally well performed by vessels of an inferior rate, it being merely to watch the motions of four French frigates, which the Windsor had chased into Cherbourg Roads."

The remainder of the year was occupied in cruising expeditions, which yielded several prizes. In December, however, Keppel was called upon to bear a part in a far more ungracious service,—being the junior member of the court-martial by which the unfortunate Byng was condemned to death. Seldom has there been a transaction more largely canvassed than the verdict of that Court. Among the thousand voices raised in discussion on its first promulgation, Horace Walpole's was not the least passionately vehement; and his sharp pointed pen has recorded the agitation of the time, and the vain efforts made to set aside the sentence. By him, Keppel's anxiety, subsequent signature to the petition for mercy, and desire to be absolved from his oath, are stigmatized with the indignant word "remorse." Walpole's own generous share in the transaction will be remembered as long as the most brilliant book in our language has a reader: and it was inevitable, perhaps, that he should be bitterly severe on all who acted with less impetuosity or a larger admixture of motive than himself. It is hardly necessary to go more minutely into this affair: suffice it to remind the reader, that when the Lords agreed to examine the members of the court-martial, Keppel's answers were such as betokened a mind ill at ease; but he made no such specific revelation as could affect the verdict.

"After mentioning the answers of the other members of the Court, Walpole adds:—'Then Keppel appeared. Being asked if he knew anything unjust? after long silence and consideration, he replied, No. Whether the sentence was obtained through undue practices? No. Whether desirous of the bill? 'Yes, undoubtedly.' Whether he knew anything necessary for the knowledge of the King, and conducive to mercy? Keppel—'I cannot answer that, without particularizing my vote and opinion.' Lord Halifax asked him whether he thought his particular reasons

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had been asked now? He replied, No. He retired. Walpole comments with some severity upon Keppel, for not having said more before the Lords. His conduct, however, appears to have been consistent throughout. He was desirous of being absolved from his oath; but did not feel authorized to say anything in either house without the dispensation of parliament."

That Keppel should live to be himself cruelly harassed by the anxieties of a court-martial, is not one of the least noticeable events to be read in "the old almanac," by those who amuse themselves with watching for coincidences.

After a cruise or two, with their lucky accompaniments of prize taking, Keppel was doomed to bear a part in the unsuccessful expedition against Rochfort, under Sir Edward Hawke;—an expedition, the fruits of which were the capture and brutal plunder of the isle of Aix—the abandonment of the proposed capture of Rochfort—popular indignation against those owing to whose mismanagement the expedition was thought to have miscarried—and a court-martial on Sir John Mordaunt, the commander of the troops employed, which terminated in his acquittal. Keppel did not return, however, with the fleet to England, being dispatched on a cruising expedition. In this he was, as usual, prosperous in capture. We cannot follow minutely the orders and counter-orders by which he was removed from station to station; but one of the few anecdotes which this book yields to mark the nature of the man, as well as the professional value of the sailor, is not to be passed over. While cruising in the Bay of Biscay—

"He succeeded in capturing part of a convoy that had sailed from Bordeaux, with stores and provisions for Quebec. These vessels were under the protection of a large privateer and two frigates, the latter of which escaped. The Godichon, one of the principal ships of this squadron, determined not to surrender without an effort. Being a fast sailer, she put before the wind, and kept up a constant and galling fire from her waist, and stern guns, chiefly directed against the Torbay's rigging, in hopes of disabling her. Keppel, knowing that with one broadside he could send her to the bottom, refrained for some time from firing a single shot; but finding the Godichon had placed men in her tops, and was endeavouring to sweep his decks with musketry, his forbearance at length gave way, and he ordered his upper-deck guns, and a volley of small arms, to be fired into her. Upon this discharge, which killed and wounded a considerable number of her crew, she struck her colours, and called for quarter. An anecdote is recorded of Keppel on this occasion:—During the chase, he received a wound in the leg, which for the moment was thought to be dangerous, as it brought him on the deck. The sailors instantly came to carry him down to the cock-pit; but he very calmly took his handkerchief from his pocket, and bound it round the wound, saying, 'Stop, my lads, reach a chair; as I can't stand, I must sit.' 'This,' added he, clapping his hand to the place, 'may spoil my dancing, but not my stomach for fighting.'"

In the early part of 1758, "one Thomas Cumming, a Quaker," prevailed on the government to open hostilities against the French possessions in Africa. In pursuance of this friendly advice, Commodore Marsh was dispatched thither, and not without success. Some of the settlements on the Senegal were taken; but, the force proving insufficient, a larger squadron was ordered to the service, and Keppel, as its commander, for the first time hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Torbay*.

"No sooner was it displayed from the masthead, than the crews of all the ships gave three hearty cheers, in token of the respect and affection they entertained for their commander."

On his voyage to Goree, when nearing the African coast, Keppel encountered a furious storm, in which the *Lichfield* was wrecked on the coast of Barbary. The account of the inhumanities practised on her crew, by the Moors,

is among those tales which have made the round of England, at once thrilling the boy's heart with the idea of manfully combating danger, and taking vengeance: one of those narratives of sea-disaster and captivity which have had no small share in breeding up the Tom Toughs and Jack Rattlins of our navy! The attack on Goree was brilliant and decisive. Our readers will not have forgotten Keppel's schooling under Anson, in the matter of gunnery:—

"All accounts agree in the well-directed fire which was kept up from Keppel's ship. An eye-witness says, 'the fury of the Torbay alone seemed sufficient to have razed the very foundations of the island itself.' 'The fire from the Torbay was so terrible, so near, and so well aimed, that none but desperadoes or madmen would have stood it. The ship was in one continued blaze of fire; and that part of the island itself upon which she lay, was darkened by a cloud of smoke and earth, to a wonderful degree, that the very foundations of the island itself seemed to be razed.' The effect of this destructive cannonade was soon apparent. The enemy fled in confusion from their guns. It was in vain that Monsieur St. Jean, the governor, ordered, 'every man to his quarters upon pain of death'; the soldiers could not be induced to return to their posts. In order to gain time, and to rally his men, the Governor lowered his flag, and beat a parley. The Commodore thinking the island had surrendered, sent his secretary and lieutenant on shore. The Governor, who was on the beach, told the lieutenant that he only struck his flag as a signal for a parley, and asked 'on what terms the Honourable Mr. Keppel proposed he should surrender?' He was told that the Commodore insisted upon his surrendering at discretion. He replied that as he was well able to defend the island, he proposed that the French troops should be allowed to march out with the honours of war. These terms the Commodore at once rejected, and renewed the attack with increased vigour. At length the colours were lowered from the walls, in token that the enemy had surrendered at discretion."

We have now to do with stirring times, and are, with a single turn of the page, brought back from this African expedition to cruise on the French coast, by the side of Sir Edward Hawke. Then follows the action off Ushant, in which we have another touch of the Keppel courage and the Keppel humanity, not to be disregarded. After having "silenced" the *Formidable*, and turned her over to the *Resolution*—

"Keppel then passed a-head, to attack the *Soleil Royal*, of eighty guns, and twelve hundred men, commanded by Monsieur Confians, his second, and another ship (the *Intrepid*). The two first of these, after pouring their broadsides into him, declined the engagement, and bore up. 'The other ship,' says the *Torbay*'s log-book, 'came down, and seemed determined to engage us.' This was the *Thésée*, one of the finest ships in the French navy, mounting the same number of guns, but of larger calibre, and carrying a hundred men more than the *Torbay*. This ship, according to Campbell, Keppel engaged, 'yard-arm to yard-arm, with such impetuous fury, that he sunk her in half an hour, and the greater part of her crew perished.' Her gallant captain refusing to strike, she went down with her colours flying. That the *Thésée* sunk while thus engaged with the *Torbay* is proved by the *Torbay*'s log-book; but it is now generally believed, that her disaster was occasioned by her having her lower-deck ports open, which, from the violence of the gale, was attended with the most imminent danger. Owing to the same cause, the *Torbay* was in the greatest danger of a similar fate, when Captain Keppel, 'by superior seamanship, and ordering the lower ports to be shut, saved the ship.' 'We received,' says the log-book, 'so much water in at the lee-ports, that we were obliged to fling the ship up in the wind, when she went round.' Walpole mentions an anecdote in connexion with this event: Keppel's (ship) was full of water, and he thought he was sinking; a sudden squall emptied his ship, but he was informed all his powder was wet:—'Then,' said he, 'I am sorry I am safe.' They came and told him a small quantity was undamaged.—'Very well,' said he, 'then attack again.' * * * Keppel no

sooner perceived the calamity which had befallen the *Thésée*, when, although it blew a heavy gale, and the battle was still raging, he acted with that humanity which formed so striking a feature of his character. He immediately hoisted out the boats, and sent them to the wreck, to endeavour to save as many of the people as they could."

"It is a curious fact that, on the very day that Hawke was engaged in destroying the French fleet, the mob were burning him in effigy in the streets of London, for his supposed share in the failure of the expedition against Rochfort. But the news of his victory gave a new turn to the popular feeling. The whole country now seemed resolved to make him amends for the ungracious reception with which they had previously greeted him. Bonfires and illuminations were exhibited throughout the kingdom; wherever the Admiral went, he was greeted with the loudest acclamations. On his arrival in London, he received the thanks of the House of Commons; and a pension of 2,000*l.* a-year was granted to him for his own life, and for the lives of his two sons."

Keppel, too, did not pass undistinguished on the occasion; and he was ordered to remove himself, officers and crew, from the *Torbay* into the *Valiant*, "likewise a seventy-four gun ship, but quite new, and considered of greater force." In this he surveyed the coast and the defences of Belleisle, with a view to the immediate attack of that place; but the sudden death of George the Second retarded the immediate execution of the scheme. With the new monarch came new honours and appointments, Commodore Keppel being early nominated a groom of the bed-chamber to George the Third. Our designs against Belleisle were resumed in 1760,—the entire command of the naval part of the expedition being given to Keppel—while the land forces were intrusted to Major-General Studholme Hodgson, an officer whose sense and spirit are so clearly displayed in the letters here published, addressed by him to the Commodore's brother, Lord Albemarle, that it grieves us not to be able to include a specimen. A shorter scrap of correspondence must be preferred as directly illustrating the nature of our hero, by showing how, by the *suaviter in modo*, a charm may be thrown over the details of formal discipline:—

"Commodore Keppel to Captain Spry.

July 23rd.

"Dear Sir,—In Capt. Bentinck's weekly account of the condition of his ship, he says, '*wants cleaning*': this is a new way: I beg you will let him know that the senior officer is always the proper judge; but this as gently as you please, as I believe he is a good young man. I am, dear sir, wishing Mons. Blenc to give you a meeting, that you may confirm the world in the good opinion they already entertain of you. Your very, &c. A. KEPPEL.

"P.S.—I wish it was in my power to send Montague to Portsmouth, but it really is not, unless you are lucky enough to take a king's ship; that, indeed, would serve as an excuse for doing it. We all wish for the occasion happening."

The issue of the Belleisle expedition it is needless to narrate. There is hardly an English house which has or had not its engraving of the surrender of brave Captain La Croix, and the triumph of "the meteor flag of England."

The next affair in which Keppel was engaged was still more redoubtable, being the Havannah expedition—Pitt's scheme for rendering "the Family Compact" null and void. Here, the head of Keppel's family, the Earl of Albemarle, was appointed to the chief command of the land forces; while our more particular acquaintance, the Commodore, was nominated as second to Sir George Pocock in command of the fleet. The importance of the service seems to have roused to its utmost the spirit of all concerned. On the morning of the fleet's appearance before Havannah, the *Valiant* was the first ship to discover land, and Captain Johnson, the author of the well-

known but little read 'Chrysal,' describes the Commodore's activity and excitement, on the discovery, "to exceed the abilities of a human being." But the gentle blood within him never failed to claim its part. Undaunted as was his own bravery in the attack, he had consideration for the white feather of Captain Campbell, who had not courage to take the lead, as commanded, in the *Stirling Castle*. But Keppel could not save this officer from the consequences of his weakness: he was subsequently tried and dismissed the service.

The reduction of the Havannah was a work of time and difficulty, impeded by sickness, which began to disable our troops, and by the accident of the grand battery's catching fire. By the assistance of 500 sailors and 1,500 negroes, who had been purchased for the occasion, new works were constructed; and one was built and manned entirely by Keppel's men, who did such credit to the training of Anson's pupil, that we are told it "was fired in the ratio of three to two oftener than any other work." At last all this toil and endurance was to be rewarded; Major-General Keppel gave the order for loading and springing the mines on the 30th of July, 1762, and, availing himself of a breach through which one man could barely pass at a time, commenced the assault. The Spaniards fought with desperate courage; but the Keppels had the best of it; and by the 30th of September such tidings had been brought to England by Augustus Hervey, that we find Strawberry Horace breaking forth in "Ios!" to his darling Harry Conway, and congratulating Lady Hervey with a side-wind of sarcasm and compliment to the mother of the three gallant brothers, in his happiest vein:—

"Nobody (says the writer) partakes more of your satisfaction for Mr. Hervey's safe return; and now he is safe, I trust you enjoy his glory: for this is a wicked age; you are one of those un-Lacedæmonian mothers, that are not content unless your children come off with all their limbs. A Spartan countess would not have had the confidence of my Lady Albemarle to appear in the drawing-room without at least one of her sons being knocked on the head. However, pray, Madam, make my compliments to her; one must conform to the times, and congratulate people for being happy, if they like it."

Keppel's health had suffered so severely from the climate and his ceaseless activity, that he desired to repose awhile; but the Admiralty could not grant the requested leave: so that he did not touch English ground again till 1764. He reached it, however, in time for the marriage of his beautiful relative, Lady Elizabeth, which has been immortalized by the pencil of the Admiral's old protégé, Sir Joshua, and also by Horace Walpole's sprightly pen. From this time forward, Keppel's biography is marked by notices of his failing health: to say nothing of vexations of spirit. A letter from Bath, dated April, 1765, contains, not merely a notice of "Bath and the waters," administered by the orders of Dr. Moyses, but a natural expression of surprise at its writer being patronised by Captain Hervey, who had written "one of the most civil epistles," declaring that he lost no opportunity of everywhere representing Keppel as the only fit person to command the squadron, collected on the apprehended rupture of France with Spain, which was given to Sir Charles Saunders! Other more evident tokens of discord between our hero and the then ministry are also indicated. Shortly afterwards, however, on the formation of the Rockingham administration, he was appointed Junior Lord of the Admiralty, in which office he bestirred himself with his usual diligence to place our navy in a position calculated to meet any emergency. The new ministry did not hold together long; the death of the Duke of Cumberland having withdrawn one of its supports, and the difficul-

ties of the American question proving too hard for the unanimity of the cabinet. In July, 1766, Lord Chatham took office: Keppel retaining his appointment. His chief service for the autumn was the transport of the ill-fated Princess Caroline Matilda to the arms of the King of Denmark. Shortly after his return, an appointment in the household, made by the new ministry, so displeased him, that he resigned his own place about the Royal person. In the following year his family will be found warmly discussing the coalition between the Bedford and Rockingham parties, and himself forming one of the political meeting held at Newcastle House, at which the proposal for Marshal Conway's holding office was the rock on which the negotiation split. The rest of the year passed in similar anxieties and unsettlements: Keppel taking his seat in the Parliament of 1769, for Windsor. The only notice of his occupations during the following twelvemonth is a painful one. We have adverted to the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Keppel's auspicious marriage. She was now already widowed, dying of decline and a broken heart, and, according to the fashion of the time, was ordered to Lisbon as a last experiment. The Admiral conveyed her thither, meeting himself, in the course of his voyage, with a severe accident, by which his spine was seriously injured. The next seven years, dismissed in a single chapter, yield, to a sketch of necessity so cursory as ours, little beyond the accession of the Admiral to his title, on the decease of his brother, Lord Albemarle, and a more distinct notice of the dissatisfaction he felt at finding that the favour of "the powers that be" did not advance with his years. On the decease of Sir Charles Saunders, Keppel's attached and old friend, the lieutenant-generalship of the marines, then vacant, was given to Sir Hugh Palliser: a second instance of favouritism called forth a formal remonstrance, as follows:—

"Admiral Keppel to Lord Rockingham.

"Bagshot Park, Dec. 17th, 1775.

"My dear Lord,—I have, after some combat in my mind, from a friendship to Lord Howe, which made me hesitate upon sending the letter I had wrote to Lord Sandwich, at last despatched my remonstrance to the first Lord of the Admiralty. You shall know the result as soon as I do. You have inclosed a copy of the letter. Believe me most sincerely, your faithful and humble servant,

"A. KEPPEL."

"Copy of a letter from Admiral Keppel to the Earl of Sandwich:—

"Bagshot Park, Dec. 17th, 1775.

"My Lord,—It is much credited that Admiral Forbes is to retire from the post of General of Marines, and that Rear-Admiral Lord Howe is appointed his successor. I am not used to feel disgrace or affronts; but indeed, my Lord, I must feel cold to my own honour, and the rank in which I stand in his Majesty's service, if I remain silent, and see one of the youngest rear-admirals of the fleet promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-general of Marines, and, a few days afterwards, another rear-admiral made General of Marines. It is not for me to say who should, or should not, be appointed to those honours; but I may presume to say to your Lordship, and through you, as the head of the sea department, beg leave to have it laid before his Majesty with my humblest submission to him, that, little as I am entitled to claim merit, yet a series of long service may, I hope, permit me to observe, that such a repetition of promotion to the junior admirals of the fleet cannot but dispirit every senior officer, jealous of his own honour, inasmuch as it tends to manifest to the whole profession the low esteem he stands in, which, allow me to say, may at one time or other have its bad effects. Juniors cannot complain, nor are they dishonoured, when their seniors are promoted. My Lord, I must hope I stand excused for writing in such plain terms; but when I am writing or speaking from facts and feelings of honour, I cannot allow myself to express those sentiments in a doubtful

manner. I have the honour to be your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant, A. KEPPEL."

After so plain and manly a protest, we can hardly be surprised at the animosity with which Palliser pursued Keppel on a subsequent occasion. But this must be reserved for another notice; since, in spite of our purpose here to complete this sketch, we find ourselves only at the close of the first volume, with the most important passages of the hero's life still to come.

The Book of the Poets.

[Second Notice.]

Is Hawes a swan? a black (letter) swan? since we promised a week ago to speak of swans in connexion with the sixteenth century? Certain voices will "say nay, say nay," and already, and without our provocation, he seems to us unjustly depreciated. Warton was called "the indulgent historian of our poetry," for being so kind as to discover "one fine line" in him! What name must the over-kind have, in whose susceptible memories whole passages stand up erect, claiming the epithet or the like of the epithet,—and that less as the largesse of the indulgent than the debt of the just? Yet Langland's Piers Plowman, and Chaucer's House of Fame, and Lydgate's Temple of Glasce, and the Pastyme of Pleasure, by Stephen Hawes, are the four columnar marbles, the four allegorical poems, on whose foundation is exalted into light the great allegorical poem of the world, Spenser's Faery Queen. There was a force of suggestion which preceded Sackville's, and Hawes uttered it. His work is very grave for a pastime, being a course of instruction upon the seven sciences, the trivium and quadrivium of the schools; whereby Grand Amour, scholar and hero, wooing and winning Belle Pucelle, marries her according to the "lex ecclesiæ," is happy "all the rest of his life" by the lex of all matrimonial romances,—and at leisure and in old age, dies by the lex naturæ. He tells his own story quite to an end, including the particulars of his funeral and epitaph; and is considerate enough to leave the reader in full assurance of his posthumous reputation. And now let those who smile at the design dismiss their levity before the poet's utterance:—

O mortal folke, you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight.
The ende of joye and all prosperitie
Is death at last thorough his course and might.
After the day there cometh the dark night,
For though the day appear ever so long,
At last the bell ringeth to even song.

—it "ringeth" in our ear with a soft and solemn music to which the soul is prodigal of echoes. We may answer for the poetic faculty of its "maker." He is, in fact, not merely ingenious and fanciful, but *abounds*—the word, with an allowance for the unhappiness of his subject, is scarcely too strong,—with passages of thoughtful sweetness and cheerful tenderness, at which we are constrained to smile and sigh, and both for "pastyme."

Was never payne but it had joye at last
In the fayre mirror.

There is a lovely cadence! And then Amour's courtship of his "swete ladie"—a "cynosure" before Milton's!—conducted as simply, yet touchingly, as if he were innocent of the seven deadly sciences, and knew no more of "the Ladye Grammere" than might become a troubadour:—

O swete ladie, the true and perfect star
Of my true heart! Oh, take ye now pite!
Think on my payne which am tofore you here,—
With your swete eyes behold you me, and see
How thought and woe by great extremitie,
Hath changed my colour into pale and wan!
It was not so when I to love began.

The date assigned to this Pastyme of Pleasure is 1506, some fifty years before the birth of Spenser. Whether it was written in vain for

Spenser, judge ye! To the present generation it is covered deep with the dust of more than three centuries, and few tongues ask above the place,—"what lies here?"

Barclay is our next swan—and verily might be mistaken, in any sort taken, by naturalists, for a crow. He is our first writer of eclogues, the translator of the 'Ship of Fools,' and a thinker of his own thoughts with sufficient intrepidity.

Skelton "floats double swan and shadow," as poet laureate of the university of Oxford, and "royal orator" of Henry VII. He presents a strange specimen of a court-poet, and if, as Erasmus says, "Britannicarum literarum lumen" at the same time,—the light is a pitchy torchlight, wild and rough. Yet we do not despise Skelton: despise him? It were easier to hate. The man is very strong—he triumphs, foams, is rabid, in the sense of strength—he mesmerizes our souls with the sense of strength—it is as easy to despise a wild beast in a forest, as John Skelton, poet laureate. He is as like a wild beast, as a poet laureate can be. In his wonderful dominion over language, he tears it, as with teeth and paws, ravenously, savagely: devastating rather than creating, dominant rather for liberty than for dignity. It is the very *sans-culottism* of eloquence—the oratory of a Silenus drunk with anger only! Mark him as the satyr of poets! fear him as the Juvenal of satyrs! and watch him with his rugged, rapid, picturesque savagery, his "breathless rhymes," to use the fit phrase of the satirist Hall, or—

His rhymes all ragged,
Tattered, and jagged,

to use his own,—climbing the high trees of Delphi, and pelting from thence his victims underneath, whether priest or cardinal, with rough-rinded apples! And then ask, could he write otherwise than so? The answer is this opening to his poem of the 'Bouge of Court,' and the impression inevitable, of the serious sense of beauty and harmony to which it gives evidence.

In autumn when the sun in virgine,
By radiant heat enripent bath our corne,
When Luna, full of mutabilitie,
As empress, the diadem hath worn
Of our pole Arctic, smiling as in scorn
At our folle and our unstedfastnesse—

but our last word of Skelton must be, that we do not doubt his influence for good upon our language. He was a writer singularly fitted for beating out the knots of the cordage, and straining the lengths to extension; a rough worker at rough work. Strong, rough Skelton! We can no more deride him than my good lord cardinal could. If our critical eyebrows must motion contempt at somebody of the period, we choose Tusser, and his five hundred points of good husbandry and housewifery. Whatever we say of Tusser, no fear of harming a poet,—

Make ready a bin
For chaff to lie in,

and there may be room therein, in compliment to the author of the proposition, for his own verses.

Lord Surrey passes as the tuner of our English nearly up to its present pitch of delicacy and smoothness; and we admit that he had a melody in his thoughts which they dared not disobey. That he is, as has been alleged by a chief critic, "our first metrical writer," lies not in our creed; and even Turberville's more measured praise,—

Our mother tongue by him hath got such lyght,
That ruder speche thereby is banisht awayht,—

we have difficulty in accepting. We venture to be of opinion that he did not belong to that order of master-minds, with whom transitions originate, although qualified, by the quickness of a yielding grace, to assist effectually a transitional movement. There are names which catch the proverb of praise as a hedge-thorn catches sheep's

wool, by position and approximation rather than adaptitude: and this name is of them. Yet it is a high name. His poetry makes the ear lean to it, it is so sweet and low; the English he made it of, being ready to be sweet, and falling ripe in sweetness into other hands than his. For the poems of his friend, Sir Thomas Wyatt, have more thought, freedom, and variety, more general earnestness, more of the attributes of masterdom than Lord Surrey's; while it were vain to reproach for lack of melody the writer of that loveliest lyric, 'My lute, be still.' And Wyatt is various in metres, and the first songwriter (that praise we must secure to him) of his generation. For the rest, there is an inequality in the structure of his verses, which is very striking and observable in Surrey himself: as if the language, consciously insecure in her position, were balancing her accentual being and the forms of her pronunciation, half giddily, on the very turning point of transition. Take from Wyatt such a stanza as this, for instance,—

The long love that in my thoughts I harbour,
And in my heart doth keep his residence,
Into my face preseth with bold pretence,
And there campeth, displaying his banner.

and oppose to it the next example, polished as Pope,—

But I am here in Kent and Christendom,
Among the Muses where I read and rhyme;
Where, if thou list, mine own John Pains, to come,
Thou shalt be judge how I do spend my time.

It is well to mark Wyatt as a leader in the art of didactic poetic composition under the epistolary form, "sternly milde" (as Surrey said of his countenance), in the leaning toward satire. It is very well to mark many of his songs as of exceeding beauty, and as preserving clear their touching simplicity from that plague of over curious conceits which infest his writings generally. That was the plague of Italian literature transmitted by contagion, together with better things—together with the love of love-lore, and the sonnet structure, the summer-bower for one fair thought, delighted in and naturalized in England by Wyatt and Surrey. For the latter,—

From Tuscane came his lady's worthy race:

and his Muse as well as his Geraldine. Drops from Plato's cup, passing through Petrarch's, not merely perfumed and coloured but diluted by the medium, we find in Surrey's cup also. We must not underpraise Surrey to balance the overpraise we murmur at. Denying him supremacy as a reformer, the denial of his poetic nobleness is far from us. We attribute to him the chivalry of the *light ages*—we call him a scholastic troubadour. The longest and most beautiful of his poems ("describing the lover's whole state") was a memory in the mind of Milton when he wrote his Allegro. He has that measure of pathos whose expression is no gesture of passion, but the skilful fingering on a well-tuned lute. He affects us at worst not painfully, and

With easie sighs such as folks draw in love.

He wrote the first English blank-verse, in his translation of two books of the *Æneid*. He leads, in seeming, to the ear of the world, and by predestination of "popular breath," that little choral swan-chant which, swelled by Wyatt, Vaux, Bryan, and others, broke the common air in the days of the eighth Henry. And he fulfilled in sorrow his awarded fate as a poet—his sun going down at noon!—and the cleft head, with its fair youthful curls, testifying like that fabled head of Orpheus, to the music of the living tongue!

Sackville, Lord Dorset, takes up the new blank verse from the lips of Surrey, and turns it to its right use of tragedy. We cannot say that he does for it much more. His 'Gorboduc,' with some twenty years between it and Shakspeare, is farther from the true drama in versification and all the rest, than 'Gammer Gurton' is from 'Gorboduc.' Sackville's blank verse, like Lord

Surrey's before him, is only heroic verse without rhyme,—and we must say so in relation to Gascoigne, who wrote the second blank verse tragedy, the 'Jocasta,' and the first blank verse original poem, 'The Steele Glass.' The secret of the blank verse of Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Milton, did not dwell with them! the arched cadence, with its artistic key-stone and under-flood of broad continuous sound, was never achieved nor attempted by its first builders. We sometimes whisper in our silence that Marlowe's "brave sublimity" instincts should have groped that way. But no! Chaucer had more sense of music in the pause than Marlowe had. Marlowe's rhythm is not, indeed, hard, and stiff, and uniform, like the sentences of 'Gorboduc,' as if the pattern one had been cut in boxwood: there is a difference between uniformity and monotony, and he found it; his cadence revolves like a wheel, progressively, if slowly and heavily, and with an orbicular grandeur of unbroken and unvaried music.

It remains to us to speak of the work by which Sackville is better known than by 'Gorboduc,'—the 'Mirror for Magistrates.' The design of it has been strangely praised, seeing that whatever that peculiar merit were, Lydgate's 'Fall of Princes' certainly cast the shadow before. But Sackville's commencement of the execution proved the master's hand; and that the great canvas fell abandoned to the blurring brushes of inadequate disciples, was an ill-fortune compensated adequately by the honour attributed to the Induction—of inducing a nobler genius than his own, even Spenser's, to a nobler labour. We cannot doubt the influence of that Induction. Its colossal figures, in high allegorical relief, were exactly adapted to impress the outspread fancy of the most sensitive of poets. A yew-tree cannot stand at noon in an open pleasure-land without throwing the outline of its branches on the broad and sunny grass. Still, admitting the suggestion in its fulness, nothing can differ more than the allegorical results of the several geniuses of Lord Dorset and Spenser. Tear-drop and dew-drop, respond more similarly to analysis—or morbid grief and ideal joy. Sackville stands close wrapt in the "blanket of his dark," and will not drop his mantle for the sun. Spenser's business is with the lights of the world, and the lights beyond the world.

But this Sackville, this Earl of Dorset, ("Oh a fair earl was he!") stands too low for admeasurement with Spenser: and we must look back, if covetous of comparisons, to some one of a loftier and more kingly stature. We must look back far, and stop at Chaucer. Spenser, and Chaucer do naturally remind us of each other, they two being the most cheerful-hearted of the poets—with whom cheerfulness, as an attribute of poetry, is scarcely a common gift. But the world will be upon us! The world moralizes of late and in its fashion, upon the immorality of mournful poems, upon the criminality of "melodious tears," upon the morbidity of the sorrows of poets,—because Lord Byron was morbidly sorrowful, and because a crowd of his ephemeral imitators hung their heads all on one side and were insincerely sorrowful. The fact, however, has been, apart from Lord Byron and his disciples, that the "at at" of Apollo's flower is vocally sad in the prevailing majority of poetical compositions. The philosophy is, perhaps, that the poetic temperament, half way between the light of the ideal and the darkness of the real, and rendered by each more sensitive to the other, and unable, without a struggle, to pass out clear and calm into either, bears the impress of the necessary conflict in dust and blood! The philosophy may be, that only the stronger spirits do accomplish this victory, having lordship over their own genius—whether they accomplish it

by looking bravely to the good ends of evil things, which is the practical ideal, and possible to all men in a measure—or by abstracting the inward sense from sensual things and their influences, which is subjectivity perfected—or by glorifying sensual things with the inward sense, which is objectivity transfigured—or by attaining to the highest vision of the idealist, which is subjectivity turned outward into an actual objectivity.

To the last triumph, Shakspeare attained; but Chaucer and Spenser fulfilled their destiny and grew to their mutual likeness as cheerful poets, by certain of the former processes. They two are alike in their cheerfulness, yet are their cheerfulnesses most unlike. Each poet laughs: yet their laughers ring with as far a difference as the sheep-bell on the hill and the joy-bell in the city. Each is earnest in his gladness: each active in persuading you of it. You are persuaded, and hold each for a cheerful man. The whole difference is, that Chaucer has a cheerful humanity: Spenser, a cheerful ideality. One rejoices walking on the sunny side of the street: the other, walking out of the street in a way of his own, kept green by a blessed vision. One uses the adroitness of his fancy by distilling out of the visible universe her occult smiles: the other, by fleeing beyond the possible frown, the occasions of natural ills, to that "cave of cloud" where he may smile safely to himself. One holds festival with men—seldom so coarse and loud indeed, as to startle the deer from their green covert at Woodstock—or with homely Nature and her "douce Marguerite" low in the grasses—the other adopts for his playfellows, imaginary or spiritual existences, and will not say a word to Nature herself, unless it please her to dress for his masque and speak daintily sweet and rare like a spirit. The human heart of one utters oracles—the imagination of the other speaks for his heart, and we miss no prophecy. For music, we praised Chaucer's, and not only as Dryden did, for "a Scotch tune." But never issued there from lip or instrument, or the tuned causes of nature, more lovely sound than we gather from our Spenser's Art. His mouth is vowed away from the very possibilities of harshness. Right leans to wrong in its excess. His rhythm is the continuity of melody, not harmony, because too smooth for modulation—because "by his vow" he dares not touch a discord for the sake of consummating a harmony. It is the singing of an angel in a dream: it has not enough of contrary for waking music. Of his great poem we may say, that we miss no humanity in it, because we make a new humanity out of it and are satisfied in our human hearts—a new humanity vivified by the poet's life, moving in happy measure to the chanting of his thoughts, and upon ground supernaturally beautified by his sense of the beautiful. As an allegory, it enchants us away from its own purposes. Una is Una to us; and Sans Foy is a traitor, and Errour is "an ugly monster," with a "taylor;" and we thank nobody in the world, not even Spenser, for trying to prove it otherwise. Do we dispraise an allegorical poem by throwing off its allegory? we throw not. Probably, certainly to our impression, the highest triumph of an allegory, from this of the "Faery Queen" down to the "Pilgrim's Progress," is the abnegation of itself.

Oh those days of Elizabeth! We call them the days of Elizabeth, but the glory fell over the ridge, in illumination of the half century beyond! those days of Elizabeth! Full were they of poets as the summer-days are of birds,—

No branch on which a fine bird did not sit,
No bird but his sweet song did shrilly sing,
No song but did containe a lovely ditty.

We hear of the dramatists, and shall speak of them presently; but the lyric singers were yet more numerous,—there were singers in every

class. Never since the first nightingale brake voice in Eden, arose such a jubilee-concert—never before nor since has such a crowd of true poets uttered true poetic speech in one day! Not in England evermore! Not in Greece, that we know. Not in Rome, by what we know. Talk of their Augustan era—we will not talk of it, lest we desecrate our own of Elizabeth. The latter was rightly pre-figured by our figure of the chorus of swans. It was besides the milky way of poetry: it was the miracle-age of poetical history. We may fancy that the master-souls of Shakspeare and Spenser, breathing, stirring in divine emotion, shot vibratory life through other souls in electric association! We may hear in fancy, one wind moving every leaf in a forest—one voice responded to by a thousand rock-echoes. Why, a common man walking through the earth in those days, grew a poet by position—even as a child's shadow cast upon a mountain slope is dilated to the aspect of a giant's.

If we, for our own parts, did enact a Briareus, we might count these poets on the fingers of our hundred hands, after the fashion of the poets of Queen Anne's time, counting their syllables. We do not talk of them as "faultless monsters," however wonderful in the multitude and verity of their gifts: their faults were numerous, too. Many poets of an excellent sweetness, thinking of poetry that, like love,

It was to be all made of fantasy!

fell poetry-sick, as they might fall love-sick, and knotted associations, far and free enough to girdle the earth withal, into true love-knots of quaintest devices. Many poets affected novelty rather than truth; and many attained to novelty rather by attitude than altitude, whether of thought or word. Worst of all, many were incompetent to Sir Philip Sidney's ordeal—the translation of their verses into prose—and would have perished utterly by that hot ploughshare. Still, the natural healthy eye turns toward the light, and the true calling of criticism remains the distinguishing of beauty. Love and honour to the poets of Elizabeth—honour and love to them all! Honour even to the fellow-workers with Sackville in the "Mirror for Magistrates," to Ferrers Churchyard, and others, who had their hand upon the ore if they did not clasp it! and to Warner, the poet of Albion's England, singing snatches of ballad pathos, while he worked for the most part heavily, too, with a bowed back as at a stiff soil—and to Gascoigne, reflecting beauty and light from his "Stele Glass," though his "Fruites of War" are scarcely fruits from Parnassus—and to Daniel, tender and noble, and teaching, in his "Musophilus," the chivalry of poets, though in his "Civil Wars," somewhat too historical, as Drayton has written of him—and to Drayton, generous in the "Polyolbion" of his poet-blessing on every hill and river through this fair England, and not eloquent in his heroic epistles, though somewhat tame and level in his "Barons' Wars"—and to the two brother Fletchers, Giles and Phineas, authors of "Christ's Victory" and "The Purple Island," for whom the Muse's kiss followed close upon the mother's, gifting their lips with no vulgar music and their house with that noble kinsman, Fletcher the dramatist! Honour, too, to Davies, who "reasoned in verse" with a strong mind and strong enunciation, though he wrote one poem on the Soul and another on Dancing, and concentrated the diverging rays of intellect and folly in his sonnets on the reigning Astrea—and to Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, who had deep thoughts enough to accomplish ten poets of these degenerate days, though because of some obscurity in their expression you would find some twenty critics "full of oaths" by the pyramids, that they all meant nought—and to Chamberlayne, picturesque, imaginative,

earnest (by no means dramatic) in his poetic romance of "Pharonnida," though accumulative to excess of figures, and pedantic in such verbal learning as "entheon charms," the "catagraph" of a picture, the exagitations and congestions of elements, *et sic omnia*!—to Chalkhill, wrapt—even bound—"in soft Lydian airs," till himself, as well as his Clearchus and Thealma, fall asleep in involutions of harmony—and to Browne, something languid in his "Britannia's Pastorals," by sitting in the sun with Guarini and Marini, and "perplexed in the extreme" by a thousand images and sounds of beauty calling him across the dewy fields—and to Wither, author of the "Shepherd's Hunting" and how much else? Wither, who wrote of poetry like a poet, and in return has been dishonoured and misprised by some of his own kind!—a true sincere poet of blessed oracles! Honour, love, and praise to him and all! May pardon come to us from the unnamed.

Honour also to the translators of poems—to such as Chapman and Sylvester—great hearts, interpreters of great hearts, and afterwards worthily thanked by the Miltons, and Pops, and Keats's, for their gift of greatness to the language of their England.

Honour to the satirists!—to Marston, who struck boldly and coarsely at an offence from the same level with the offender—to Hall, preserving his own elevation, and flashing downwardly those thick lightnings in which we smell the sulphur—and to Donne, whose instinct to beauty overcame the resolution of his satiric humour.

Honour, again, to the singers of brief poems, to the lyrics and sonnetters! O Shakspeare, let thy name rest gently among them, perfuming the place. We "swear" that these sonnets and songs do verily breathe, "not of themselves, but thee;" and we recognize and bless them as short sighs from thy large poetic heart, burdened with diviner inspiration! O rare Ben Jonson, let us have thy songs, rounded each with a spherical thought, and the lyrics from thy masques alive with learned fantasy, and thine epigrams keen and quaint, and thy noble epitaphs, under which the dead seem stirring! Fletcher, thou shalt be with us—prophet of Comus and Penseroso! giddy with inhalation from the fount of the beautiful, speaking out wildly thought upon thought, measure upon measure, as the bird sings, because his own voice is lovely to him. Sidney, true knight and fantastic poet, whose soul did too curiously inquire the fashion of the beautiful—the fashion rather than the secret! but left us in one line, the completest "Ars poetica" extant,—

"Foole, sayde my Muse to mee, looke in thine heart, and write."

Thy name be famous in all England and Arcadia! And Raleigh, tender and strong, of voice sweet enough to answer that "Passionate Shepherd," yet trumpet-shrill to speak the "Soul's errand" thrilling the depths of our own! having honour and suffering as became a poet, from the foot of the Lady of England light upon his cloak, to the cloak of his executioner wrapping redly his breathless corpse. Marlowe, we must not forget his "Shepherd" in his tragedies: and "Come live with me" sounds passionately still through the dead cold centuries. And Drummond, the over-praised and under-praised,—a passive poet, if we may use the phraseology—who was not careful to achieve greatness, but whose natural pulses beat music, and with whom the consciousness of life was the sentiment of beauty. And Lyly, shriven from the sins of his Euphues, with a quaint grace in his songs; and Donne, who takes his place naturally in this new class, having a dumb angel, and knowing more noble poetry than he articulates. Herrick, the Ariel of poets, sucking "where the bee sucks" from the rose-heart of nature, and re-

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producing the fragrance idealized; and Carew, using all such fragrance as a courtly essence, with less of self-abandonment and more of artificial application; and Herbert, with his face as the face of a spirit, dimly bright; and fantastic Quarles, in rude and graphic gesticulation, expounding verity and glory; and Breton, and Turberville, and Lodge, and Hall (not the satirist), and all the hundred swans, nameless, or too numerous to be named, of that Cayster of the rolling time.

Then, high in the miraculous climax, come the dramatists—from whose sinews was knit the overcoming strength of our literature over all the nations of the world. "The drama is the executive of literature," said De Staël: and the Greek's "action, action, action," we shall not miss in our drama. Honour to the dramatists! as honour from them! Shakspeare is our security that we shall say so less briefly soon.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The Lottery of Life, by the Countess of Blessington, 3 vols.—A pleasant miscellany we do not often stumble on; characterized by good sense, humorous observation, grace of mind, and versatility of fancy. Lady Blessington is fashionable for the fashionable, Irish for those who belong to Father Mathew's kingdom, and foreign for the travelled. Only one volume of this work is entirely new, and two-thirds of that is devoted to the tale which gives it title to the publication. In this Lady Blessington leaves the Lord Johns, and the Lady Janes, and their world of equipages and opera boxes, and sits down in a city banking-house, as much at home there, as if "that weary waste of columns and figures," the ledger, and that cornucopia whence mischief and comfort are so strangely showered, the gold-shovel, had been her only studies and implements, from her youth upwards. But "out of office hours," she is yet happier in her portraiture. Mrs. Chatterton, the housekeeper, benevolent, conscientious, a little deaf, and the proprietress of a history from before which all the young clerks make their escape, is as well drawn, as if she had sat to Denner: while her story contains touches of character that Crabbe might not have disdained: witness her pair of sisters, the one all gross appetite, the other all selfish pride. Again, the tale of her wall-flower reminded us, as we read, of the bard of Rydal's homely, but sweet poem—

"At the corner of Wood-street."

The housekeeper's recital may be prosy, but it is a true thing—a veritable accompaniment to a snuff-coloured silk gown and a pair of silver spectacles; and though it is succeeded by episodes more piquant, we hold its reality in high esteem. What we like least, is the manner in which fortunes fly about at the close of the record: but the tale is 'The Lottery of Life,' and therefore hundred thousand pound prizes may not be so wholly extravagant, there, as in the veritable chronicles of this hard-working, struggling, daily life of ours.

New History of Paris—[*Nouvelle Histoire, &c.*] by M. J. de Gaulle.—This history was, according to many, a desideratum, as the very curious, interesting, and valuable work of Dulaure is objected to, with reason, as being executed in a spirit of prejudice incompatible with the true feeling of a historian. History should be written in such a manner, as that neither the date of its compilation, nor the belief and opinions of the author, should become evident to the reader: whereas, in the volumes of Dulaure, it is impossible not to recognize in every sentence the writer's bias. He is unwilling to allow merit of any description to men in power; he presents a race of hypocrites, oppressors, and victims, in every page; he permits not a single trait of courage, loyalty, disinterestedness, virtue, or humanity, to have occurred during the space of twelve or thirteen hundred years. Every chapter is filled with accounts of the disorders of the clergy, the exactions and cruelty of kings, the violence of the great, the sufferings of the people, and also the degraded state of morals, the vices and wickedness of the poor, the robberies, murders, outrages, which made Paris a den of thieves and miscreants. This is not history, it is invective; and the work of Dulaure does not, therefore, satisfy the mind. There is no

doubt whatever that he tells unpleasant truths, but he also keeps back all that is redeeming: he blots out every trait of noble feeling, effaces all that is great, and generous, and chivalric, and we are left to believe that the world is a world of unmitigated wickedness, sin, and wretchedness. Because some kings were tyrants, and some monks deceivers, it does not follow that all were so; and if Saint Louis, and Francis I., and Henry IV., were not perfection, that is no reason why we should deprive them of every virtue. Dulaure treats the clergy with unmitigated contempt; yet he seems to forget that he is indebted for almost all his knowledge to ecclesiastics, who have supplied his exhaustless memory with most of its stores: the Abbé Lebeuf, Dom Felibien, Dom Lobineau, are his authorities; and what are they, if all are to be held as worthless? their learning, industry, moderation, wisdom, and patience, have shown him the way to knowledge, yet he allows their class no mercy, and falls foul on all alike. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to find Dulaure's work one of immense utility, excitement and amusement, and having but this drawback to the pleasure and profit of its perusal. M. de Gaulle has avoided the errors into which his predecessor had fallen, has carefully examined his details, and, in many instances, supplied vacuums which he had left, producing a valuable work of general interest in all countries.

The Old Red Sandstone, or New Walks in an Old Field, by Hugh Miller.—But few years have passed, since the very existence of such a class of rocks as the "Old Red Sandstone," was much doubted by our continental neighbours. When told that the veins of the strata separated the "Transition" from the "Carboniferous" rocks, they were not by any means pleased by the intrusion of this "formation" between things which in their classifications were united. Old Red Sandstones have now grown up into a "system," which Mr. Murchison has established in Russia, and Mr. Lyell is colonizing in America. Nor is our country in this respect neglected: witness the discussions regarding the stratification of Devon, Mr. Griffith's map of the South of Ireland, and Mr. Miller's examination of the North of Scotland. Red is an unpopular colour with geologists. The "new" and the "old" red have been alike consigned to comparative neglect, and it was with somewhat unjust prejudice against the elder of this erythrean fraternity, that we opened the present volume. Agreeable disappointment! The work, if not written in the open air, contains fresh and full pictures of geological labour in the field, the quarry, river, channel, and sea-cliff, reminding us of the days of Saussure and De Luc. By the aid of simple narrative and familiar illustrations, the dull "old Red," becomes one of the most interesting subjects of geological biography. Mr. Miller has sketched this history in three periods, to which belong Lower, Middle, and Upper formations, and in such has delivered many curious facts connected with the singular races of fishes which have been so abundantly found in those rocks in Scotland. In general, the mineral characters of these three "formations" present only vague analogies to those of the triple division previously adopted by Mr. Murchison for the border of Wales. Cornstones appear locally, and they have been found in each of the three divisions. The base of the system is granitic gneiss, without a trace of Silurian rocks, though these certainly occur below what is called Old Red, in the South of Scotland. Contrary to the common notion, the fossils of the Old Red Sandstone are found by Mr. Miller to be remarkably numerous, and in excellent preservation; but they are chiefly of the strange Ichthyoid types, which only Agassiz has deciphered: some two or three shells are mentioned. The fishes of the lower formation are known by the not familiar names of Pterichthys, Coccoetus, Osteolepis, Dipterus, Diploperus, Cheirolepis, Glyptolepis, Cheiracanthus. In the middle deposit occur Cephalaspides, vegetables, and what is described as an enormous crustacean. The upper formation contains Holoptychi. The fossils of the lower division, which are largely described and illustrated, both as to nature and position in the earth, are mostly unknown, except in Scotland; some of the others occur in Herefordshire and Russia. As adding much to our knowledge, and placing things previously known in a clear and pleasing light, Mr. Miller's performance

will be very acceptable to geologists of the old and young schools.

Napoleon Pourtrayed. An Epic Heroic Poem.—We have seen so many things called Poems which had none of the characters of poetry, that no fresh exhibition of this mistake strikes us as worth noting. But that this author should have imagined the composition before us to be a part of an *Epic*, is a new form of hallucination, which attracts by its singularity. The "argument" of the poem is really worth transcribing, as conveying the writer's very original notion on this subject—and we may observe, at the same time, that it is, itself, as good a specimen of poetry as we find in any other page of this remarkable production:—

"Argument.—The Poem opens at day-break, on the morning of the famous Battle of the Moskwa, 7th September, 1812.—The Poet takes occasion to enquire, what mighty Army lies encamped upon the Plains of Mojaik?—By whom commanded?—Of what nation composed?—What their ulterior object?—The Muse invoked, gives the answer required:—The Army is French—Napoleon their leader—Moscow the goal of his and their ambition. The Poet concisely describes France, its beauty, fertility; and with still greater brevity, the character of Napoleon, his crimes and exploits, by whose ambition Gallia is despoiled of her youth.—The Poet awhile diverges from the main subject, to eulogize England and the British Army—Reverting to the Character and Exploits of Napoleon; he relates his Birth, Birth-place, Childhood, Boyhood, Manhood, and first feat of Arms. Again diverging, he ventures to eulogize Sir Arthur Wellesley, Sir R. Abercrombie, Sir John Moore, and Sir John Stuart—Touches upon the French Revolution, its horrors and consequences; and relates the second military Exploit of Napoleon, by whose wicked skill the liberating sections of the National Guard of Paris are vanquished and destroyed, and the tyrannic power of the Convention confirmed.—The Canto closes by stating the reward conferred upon Napoleon for his villainy."

Edry. A Historical Poem, by J. B. Worrell.—It is scarcely worth mentioning that "calm" and "disarm"—"scene" and "dream"—"storm" and "worn"—"time" and "thine"—"dog" and "God" are amongst the author's rhymes; but we may note his Procrustean-like dealing with words to make them fit his measures, as evidences of an independent genius, from which his admirers probably augur great things—"frustrate," for example, is compelled by him to do duty for two more syllables than less exacting task-masters expect from it,—

"He still shall sleep, I will not re-create

His pain, nor fairy dreams frustrate."

(written "frustrate")

and the syllables of "vagaries," are prevailed on to exchange duties,—the word becoming "vagaries" in our author's hands. There are many curiosities of expression and of thought scattered throughout the poem; and altogether, the volume may excite a smile—which is something.

Experiments on Measuring Distances by the Telescope, by E. Bowman.—A paper on this subject was read by Mr. Bowman at the last meeting of the British Association, when the principle was explained. (See *Athen*. No. 722).

Truth without Prejudice.—Portions of the work might just as well have been designated Prejudice without Truth.

Extracts from Ovid's Fasti.—A judicious selection made for the use of the students in King's College.

The Life of St. Anselm, by N. Rymer.—This work has been translated from the German, and is intended to point out the blessings for which England is indebted to the Popes and the Romish Church.

Admission of Medical Pupils to Bethlem Hospital, by John Webster, M.D.—The object of this small pamphlet is, to show the propriety of granting a more easy access to the members and students of the medical profession to Bethlem Hospital, for the purpose of studying the various forms of mental disease.

Practical Treatise on the Principal Diseases of the Air Passages, Lungs and Pleura, by Alfred Catherwood, M.D.—"In carrying out this design," says the author, "I have endeavoured, in every instance, to adapt the language to the comprehension of the non-medical reader.... When speaking of the remedies suitable for such disease, I have thought it advisable to append a few formulae." We quote this passage for the purpose of putting our readers on their guard. There is no class of diseases in which that worst of quackery, self-treatment, is more frequent, than that of pulmonary affections—none attended by more fatal consequences. The non-medical reader may be certain that he knows nothing about the matter; and that an attempt to direct his own case, is about one of the most painful species of suicide

in which he can indulge. Dr. Catherwood's work is, notwithstanding this announcement, altogether professional, and unfit for lay perusal.

Translations from the German.—Once on a time, on a midsummer night, at a theatre which shall be nameless, in the midst of all the glare and tinsel and foul air of the stage-world, we were startled by the appearance of a pale ray of moonshine, which made its way through some upper window incautiously left open. We have been reminded of this, by unexpectedly meeting once again the Baron de la Motte Fouquet's *Sintram*, which is here, gracefully translated, and neatly printed. Anything further apart from the coarse, material interests of the day, it would be impossible to conceive. The knights, and dwarfs, and visions it contains, are "shadows all," but a feeling so pure and poetical pervades the whole legend in which they figure, that it refreshes us, like a holy and happy dream of fairy land—albeit, it "proves nothing."—Here, also, are *Tales for the Young*, translated from the German. These, of course, do not contain the romantic imaginings which give such an enchantment to the Baron's romance, but they are German in their truth and purity, and with a touch of poetry, which makes us recommend them as safe and good.

Arnold's Grottoend on Latin Translations.—This is a useful introduction to Latin composition, particularly rich in philological elucidations of the idioms employed by the classic writers.

The History of Surrey, by E. W. Brayley, assisted by J. Britton. Vol. I. Part 2.—As we directed the attention of our readers to this History on the publication of the first Part (*Athen.* No. 601), we need now only announce the completion of the volume. The portion of county history treated of, presents but few points of general interest, but the information given is clear and correct, and the notices and genealogical tables of the chief families have been compiled with care. The plates are numerous and well executed.

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List of New Books.—Cumber's (Dr.) Physiology applied to Health and Education, 11th edit. royal 12mo. 7s. 6d. bds.—Sureau's (G.) Standard Pronouncing Dictionary of the French and English Languages, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.—The Death of Christ, the Redemption of his People, by Andrew Marshall, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Klatowski's (W. K.) German Manual for Self-Tuition, new edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 16s. cl.—Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edit. 21 vols. 4to. 37l. 16s. cl., 42l. hf-russia.—The Hand-Book of Manchester, by B. Love, 2nd edit. with plates, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—Russell's Seven Sermons, with Recommendation, by Rev. E. Bickersteth, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Berridge's Zion's Songs, new edit. 4th edit. by H. Philpot, 32mo. 2s. 6d. roan lettered.—Ancient and Modern Egypt, by the Right Rev. M. Russell, D.C.L., 4th edit. 8s. 6d. cl.—History and Present Condition of the Barbary States, by the Right Rev. M. Russell, D.C.L., 4th edit. 8s. 6d. cl.—Nubia and Abyssinia, by the Right Rev. M. Russell, D.C.L., 2nd edit. 8s. 6d. cl.—Discovery and Adventure in Africa, by Hugh Murray, F.R.S.E., &c., 3rd edit. 8s. 6d. cl.—Bennett's Lectures on the Distinctive Errors of Romanism, 3rd edit. 8vo. 13s. cl.—Cotton's (Rev. W. C.) My Bee Book, post 8vo. 12s. cl.—Waldo's Lectures on the Liturgy, 3rd edit. 12mo. 4s. bds.—Christmas Stories, 5th edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. bds.—Elise's Beauty of Holiness, new edit. 12mo. 5s. cl.—Meditations and Reflections for a Month, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—Wordsworth's (Rev. Dr.) Christian Institutes, 2nd edit. 4 vols. 8vo. 3l. 3s. bds.—Apologia, by the Rev. J. Newton, new edit. 12mo. 2s. cl.—Fame and Glory of England vindicated, 12mo. 6s. cl.—Poetry and Poets of America, by Rev. W. Griswold, royal 8vo. 18s. cl.—Boswell's Hares, Pigeons, Rabbits, and the Canary Bird, 18mo. 1s. swd.—Boswell's Art of Taxidermy, 18mo. 1s. swd.—Small's Veterinary Tablet, on canvas, 2s. 6d. cloth case.—Waltham-on-Sea, or Conversations in our Parish, 6s. 4s. cl.—Sermons, by Archdeacon Manning, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Book of British Ballads, edited by S. C. Hall, Esq. Part I., small 4to. 5s. swd.—Hetherington's History of the Church of Scotland, 2nd edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.—Brougham's (Lord) Character of Mr. Pitt, by J. S. Edmond, Esq., 8vo. 7s. cl.—Dodd's Manual of Dignities, Privileges, and Precedence, &c., 6s. cl.—Deille's Manual Etymologique, 3rd edit. 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Pinnock's Elements of Latin Familiarized, 4th edit. 18mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Macgregor's Commercial and Financial Legislation of Europe and America, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Sweet's Family Prayers, new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Christian Lady's Magazine, Vol. XXII. 12mo. 7s. cl.—France Daguerrotyped, 1 vol. post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Brown on Puseyite Episcopacy, 6s. 7s. 6d. bds.—Ainsworth's Magazine, illustrated by George Cruikshank, Vol. I. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Maps and Plans illustrative of Routes in the Hand-Book for Southern Germany, post 8vo. 12s. bds.—Gully on the Simple Treatment of Disease, 18mo. 4s. cl.—Wilson on Cure of Diseases by Water, 8vo. 4s. 6d. swd.—Copland's Mortal Life, 8vo. 15s. cl.—Little Stories from the Parlor Printing Press, 6s. 2s. 6d. cl.—Bird's Hints for the Revival of Scriptural Principles of the Anglican Church, 8vo. 9s. cl.—Hitchcock's Elementary Geology, by Dr. P. Smith, 2nd edit. crown 8vo. 10s. cl.—The Tempter and the Tempted, by the Baroness de Calabre, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. bds.

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LETTER IV.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

FIVE years ago I ventured in your popular journal to publish my private thoughts on the nature and laws of Literary Property. In those letters, without underrating the International Question, it was recommended that we should begin at home, and first establish what Copyright is in Britain, and provide for its protection against Native Pirates or Book-neers. It was contended, therefore, that the author's perpetual property in his works should be formally recognized, and that "by taking this high ground at once, and making Copyright analogous in tenure to the soil itself, its defence might be undertaken with a better gear against trespass at home or invasion from abroad."

The fate of the Bill subsequently framed by Serjeant Talfourd is well known. An opposition was set up by publishers, stationers, binders, printers, journeymen, devils, and hawkers; and Mr. Tegg even so far discomposed himself as to compose a pamphlet, in which the earnings and emoluments of Scott, Byron, Moore, Southey, Hook, &c., were summed up as if they had been so many great sinecurists fattening in idleness at the cost of our dear public. Messrs. Wakley and Warburton chimed in with the pamphleteer, and even one or two country gentlemen, who had set their ridge and furrow faces against cheap food for the body, were all in favour of cheap food for the mind, as if it were desirable to see the public like a huge rickety child with its head a great deal bigger than its belly. Nevertheless, even this opposition might have failed if the tone of the House had remained at its original pitch. The eloquent speech of the learned Serjeant, on introducing his Bill, had a thrilling effect. And when he ceased, "those airy tongues that syllable men's names" filled up the pause, till the very walls seemed whispering "Chaucer!" "Spenser!" "Shakespeare!" "Milton!" whilst sadder echoes responded with Chatterton, Otway, and Burns! Every head with a heart to it, and every heart with a head to it, answered to the appeal. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well-educated commoners at once acknowledged, as debts of honour, their deep obligations to literature. They recalled with affectionate interest and honourable respect the poets of their youth and the philosophers of their manhood—their intimates of the closet—their familiars of the fields and forests—the intellectual ministers from whom they had derived amusement in leisure, wisdom in action, society in solitude, and consolation in travel. They remembered the friends of their souls. Even the opponents of the measure confessed the national importance and value of literature, and its beneficial influence on the community, by their very struggles to make it cheap for the public at the expense of all liberal feeling and common justice. Moreover, the question involved, more or less, nearly the hereditary principle—the law of property—the nature of freehold and copyhold—the protection of a native interest—and, in some opinions, the national honour. But alas! the argument had fallen on evil days! The question did not suit the temper of the times or the ordinary tone of the place. It contained no political Ode to the Passions. There was no ardent overproof unrectified party spirit in it to excite a parliamentary *delirium tremens*. There was no sidebone of contention for Whig or Tory. It was a subject whereon political Montagues and Capulets might shake hands. Faction overcame Fiction. The accomplished nobleman, the gentleman of cultivated mind, the man of taste, the well educated commoners had other fish to fry—hotter broils and stews to arrange—and their gratitude and goodwill to literature chilled as rapidly as mutton gravy on a cold plate!

Since then, the reprinting of English works in America has progressed with steam celerity: whilst the King of the Belgians has openly recommended this literary piracy to his subjects, as a profitable branch of the national industry:—a speech, by the way, for which his Majesty deserves an especial address from our literati, whenever he thinks proper to revisit this country. The importation of the foreign reprints has also increased, and to an extent that has made our publishers quite as alarmed as the

farmers and graziers, when they recently fancied themselves surrounded by outlandish bulls of Bashan, and bellowed out for protection against foreign oxen, all ready to invade Smithfield, and drive our own beasts, without drovers, clean out of the market. But our author feeders have more cause for alarm than the cattle breeders, inasmuch as it appears that the foreign bullocks, though invited, will not come in, whereas the foreign books will enter in spite of being forbidden.

In this extremity, Lord Mahon has opportunely brought forward a new bill, which has been supported by authors and booksellers with a harmony as strange as pleasant—a harmony not so attributable, I fear, to Wilhem's system, or Mr. Hullah's vocal exercises for singing in tune, as to the fact that the voices of the literati form a powerful and welcome addition to the cry set up for protection against foreign piracy. On the extension of the term of Copyright, the trade is now liberally indifferent, but extremely anxious for some very stringent enactment to stop the smuggling of piratical reprints—and, of course, with a retrospective clause, which shall prohibit Flemish, French, or American impressions of Shakespeare and Milton, as well as of Harry Lorrequer or Zanon. And why not a retrospective clause—for how is a man to protect his property if he may not shoot into the back garden as well as into the forecourt? Provided always, that the grounds in the rear be really the property, or at least in the legal occupation of the man with the blunderbuss. Of which more hereafter.

In the meantime, the new bill has not been discussed, in either House, without some opposition to its provisions, and, as usual, especially directed against the section intended for the benefit of the author. In the Commons, up jumped Mr. Wakley—perhaps a Coroner accustomed to violent and sudden deaths could not relish anything expiring so deliberately as with forty-two years' notice—however, up jumped Mr. Wakley, as vicious with poetry and poets as if he had just been kicked by Pegasus, or rejected in turn by all the Nine Sisters,—and after a flagrant assault on the Bard of Rydal, behind the back of Mr. Wordsworth, protested vehemently against any further protection of good-for-nothing books. As if, forsooth, our dear public could be injured by even a perpetual copyright in works which nobody but the author would ever think of reprinting! These good-for-nothing writers, it has been fashionable to estimate as ninety-nine out of one hundred, and, admitting the proportion, what is to become of the rare avis, the phoenix, the one of a hundred? Is he to receive no reward or encouragement which may stimulate others to go and do likewise? Let us suppose a school kept by Doctor Posterity, and which offers, as usual, a prize for the best scholar. The term is at an end, the reward is to be conferred, and the best boy of a hundred is desired to step forward. "Master Scott," says the Doctor, "it is my pleasing task to inform you that you have won the highest prize in this Classical Establishment. The talents bestowed on you have not been abused or neglected. Your genius has been equalled by your industry, and your performances have given universal satisfaction. Your themes and essays in original composition have particularly excited my admiration and approbation: I have read them with interest and delight. Master Scott, I have had few boys like you. You are an honour to the school, as you will be an ornament to your age and country. I have no difficulty in awarding the first prize intended for the encouragement of genius and learning. Behold this large gold medal! It is eminently your due. You have richly earned it—but, mind, I'm not going to give it you, and for this reason, that all your ninety-nine school-fellows, put together, are not worth a dump!"

Is this the way to encourage the production of standard works, and to improve the breed of authors? Is it on this system that we have sought to improve the breed of horses, horned cattle, and pigs? Is a prize ever denied the prize because there are so many lean beasts in the market? Would Boz, Ivanhoe, or Satirist be refused the gold cup at Ascot, because Dunce, Tony Lumpkins, or King Log had been distanced in the race? Is it thus that merit is rewarded in other countries? My travelled readers have doubtless seen what is called, in France, a *Mdt*

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de Cocagne—a tall well-greased poll—"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb!" with some public prize at the top. Many are the candidates, particularly sweeps and sailors, who attempt to swarm up the slippery mast; some heavy-sterned fellows only mounting half way; others scrambling almost within arm's length of the reward: but, alas! down, down, down they slide again like greased lightning, and cursing Sir Isaac Newton for inventing gravitation. At last some more fortunate or clever aspirant attempts the task—up he goes—up he goes—like the 'possum, till he actually reaches the tiptop, and clutches the tempting article. Lucky dog that he is, not to be an English author, and rewarded by English authorities! No one grudges him his success—no one objects that the nineteen other candidates have gone to the bottom of the pole.—He has not only won the prize, but wears it, and perhaps literally in the shape of a new pair of breeches.

It has been said, indeed, that a writer would derive no advantage from an extended property in his works; but why should not long copyrights be as beneficial as long leases, long purses, long annuities, long legs, long heads, long lives, and other long things that are longed for? Much stress has been laid on the declarations of publishers, that they would give no more for forty-two years than for twenty-eight, or fourteen. And no doubt the parties were perfectly sincere in the declaration. There are persons who would not plant trees, however profitable ultimately, because the return would be distant and not immediate: and even so some publishers might not care to invest their capital in standard works for a sure, but slow, remuneration. But that money is to be made of books, even after twenty-eight years, is certain, or what becomes of Lord Brougham's statement, that publishers have been making large preparations, and incurring great expense for the purpose of bringing out works of which the copyrights were just expiring? Nay, is there not one bookseller in Cheapside, who is understood to have made hundreds and thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, by this sort of author-snatching? But to bring the question to issue, let us take a batch of writers who are all as dead as if they had been boiled, and yet at whose head and brains there is better sucking than in a quart of shrimps. For example, there is one Fielding, whose last novel was published a century ago, and, consequently, has been common spoil for some fourscore years. Will any one be bold enough to say, that a revived copyright of 'Tom Jones' would be valueless in the market? Then we have one Smollett, and one Sterne, and one Goldsmith, all defunct fifty years since,—would an exclusive right in their works obtain no bidders? Not to name Shakespeare or Milton; would Johnson's Dictionary, as copyright, fetch nothing in the Row? or would the shade of Defoe again go a-begging from publisher to publisher, with his 'Robinson Crusoe'? Why, in the Literary Stocks there could hardly be a safer investment?

In the Upper House, the opposition to the Bill was led by Lord Brougham, not without expressions of great respect and "sincere affection" for literary men, whom he represented as claimants, not only on the justice, but on the benevolence of the house. To this last character, however, I for one must demur. There has been too much of this almsgiving tone used towards authors, so that an uninformed reader of the speeches would imagine that the poor dogs were on their hind legs begging for a bone, or a boon, as some pronounce it, instead of standing up like the kangaroo for their natural rights. For, be it remembered, by Tories, Conservatives, and Royal Oak Boys, that we have only been agitating to regain our usurped possessions—to effect not a Revolution, but a Restoration!

Apart from the above vile phrase, the compliments of Lord Brougham were highly flattering, and his sincere affection would no doubt be a valuable possession, but alas! when it came to be tested, the tie, though showy, was no more binding than the flimsy gilt book-covers of the present day. His Lordship soon repented of his attachment to authors, and refused to "be led away, as many had been led away (and oh! that our state wheelers had never any other leaders!) by a generous, natural, and praiseworthy feeling." The Peers had listened too much to kind feelings, and he felt compelled to remind

them of "the strict duties of the legislative office." A very superfluous injunction—for what has the legislature done for literature? How have our legislators "leaned towards the side towards which they must all wish to lean, and towards which all their prejudices and partialities must bear them?" Why, they found the authors in possession of a common law right, so called from being founded on common sense and common justice—and how did they show their amiable weakness, their partial warp and bias, their over-indulgent fondness for that spoiled child—a son of the Muses. To borrow a comparison, one of the most ill-used members of creation is that forlorn animal, a street dog. Every idle hand has a stone, every idle foot has a kick for him—every driver a whip, and every carpenter a cleft stick. He has only to look at a butcher's shop—merely to point at a sheep—to be snatched up instantly. Bang! goes the chopper! and off fly a few inches of his tail. He has only to be looked at by a bevy of young blackguards, and in a jiffy away he scours, encumbered with an old kettle. Even so it fared with the author. He was ragged in his coat, bare on his ribs, and tucked up in the flank—in short, he looked a very peltable, kickable, whipable, and curtailable dog, indeed. Accordingly, no sooner had Law caught sight of him, than it caught hold of him, docked his entail at a blow, and tied Stationers' Hall to the stump.

So much for the strict duties of the legislative office, to which we owe that we have only a lease of our own premises—a temporary usufruct in our own orchards—that we have been encouraged by a sequestration, and protected from retail privateering, on the condition of wholesale piracy hereafter!

To be sure it has been urged, that an extended copyright (an authors' monopoly instead of a booksellers') would damage the public interest—that it would enhance the price of books—at any rate, that it would prevent their re-issue at a reduced rate. But this speculation remains to be tested by experiment. The higher and wealthy classes do not compose, as formerly, the great mass of readers—the numbers have increased by millions, and our writers are quite as well aware as the trade of the superior advantage of a cheap and large circulation. They have the double temptation of popularity and profit. One can even fancy an author publishing without hope of pecuniary reward, nay, at a certain loss, provided it would insure his numbers a Bozzian diffusion; whereas it is difficult to imagine a writer setting so high a price on his own book as would necessarily confine its perusal to a very select circle. On these points I am competent to speak, having re-issued the majority of my own humble works, at a price quite in accordance with the demand for cheap literature—and most certainly not enhanced by the time my copyrights had been in existence. It is true that the cost of a volume has occasionally been purposely hoisted up, for instance, by wilfully destroying the wood-blocks and copper-plates, as in the case of Dr. Dibdin's 'Bibliographical Decameron,' but such dog-in-the-mangery acts have been committed at or before publication: for even the maddest Bibliomaniac would hardly dream of making a work "scarce," after a sale of forty-two years. It follows, then, that the shorter the copyright the longer the price of the book! for supposing the term cut down to one year for the writer to sow, reap, and gather in his harvest, what so likely to set him Dibdinizing as the brevity of his lease? "Odds books and buyers!" says he, "only twelve months market before me, less fifty-two Sundays! As my time is so scant, I must make the most of it!" So he stirs up the coals to a bonfire, pitches into it all his costly wood-cuts, as if they were so many logs, and enhances the price of his volume to ten guineas a copy!

Apropos of cheapness, it seems never to have occurred to the sticklers for it, that an article may become unreasonably reasonable—that the consumer may be benefited overmuch. For example, there have been certain staring shop announcements to be seen about London, in which the low price of the commodities was vouched for by the ruin of the manufacturer—broad proclamations that the "Great Bargains in Cotton" had shut up the mills, and that the "Wonderfully Reduced Silks" had exhausted not only the bowels of the worm but those of the weaver. But is such a consummation a favourable one, and devoutly to be wished, whatever the fabric?

Is it really desirable to see our authors publicly advertised as "Unprecedented Sacrifices"? Or would anybody, except Mr. Wakley, or some useless Utilitarian, be actually gratified by reading such a placard as the following:—

UNEXAMPLED DISTRESS IN GRUB STREET!

GREAT REDUCTION IN LITERATURE!!

PROSE UNDER PRIME COST!!! POETRY FOR NOTHING!!!!

It is certain, nevertheless, that new works, and especially periodical ones, have been projected and started, during the Rage for Cheap Literature, at rates so ruinously low, that they might afford brown bread and single Gloster to the Publishers or to the Writers, but certainly not for both. Thus, a few months since, I was applied to, myself, to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally; that is to say, provided the principle could be properly carried out. Accordingly, I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that it was necessary, for the sake of cheap literature and the interest of the reading public, that they should furnish me with their several commodities at a very trifling per-centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher:—

"Sir,—Respectin your note. Cheap literatur be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin publick wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill yourselves. I remane, &c. John Stokes."

And, truly, why not cheap anything, or everything, as well as cheap literature? Cheap beef, cheap beer, cheap butter, and cheap bread? As to books, the probability is, that distant reissues would be at reduced rates; but, even supposing them to remain at their original prices, why should Mr. Thomson of 1843 have his 'Waverley' any cheaper than Mr. Thomson of 1814?

At any rate, the interests of both parties ought to be fairly considered. Nay, Consistency goes still farther, and hints that the literary interest should be especially favoured. For, hark to Consistency! "Let the public," she says, "be cared for—let the public be well cared for,—and let the Authors be particularly well cared for, as the most public part of the public!"

"But if we give an extended term to the authors," cries Lord Brougham, "we must also give a longer day to the patentees." And why not, if they deserve and need it? But it is as easy to show cause against a patent being perpetual, as it is difficult to prove why a copyright should be limited. In the abstract, the absolute rights of both parties may be equal—but as the monopoly of a mechanical invention might be an enormous evil, Expediency, with propriety, steps in to protect the public interest when the private one has been amply gratified. In fact, the patentees of great and useful inventions have generally realized large fortunes within a few years; whereas the best and greatest of our writers have commonly made such little ones, during their whole lives, that the Next-of-Kin never heard of anything to his advantage. And the reason was ably explained by the Bishop of London.

The merits of a mechanical invention can at once be tested: and are immediately recognized. The merest loggerhead can understand at a glance the advantage of a machine which impels a ship without wind and a coach without horses—howbeit the same underdate in twenty long years had never found out the use of "book larning." There is a gentleman of my acquaintance who derives a yearly sum for a patent clothes brush, the superiority of which, in brushing his master's coat, John Footman would detect ere he had whistled through 'Nancy Dawson.' But suppose instead of a machine of bristles, wire, and wood, my friend had composed a work, intended to brush off the dirt and dust of the human intellect, he might have been months in catching a publisher, and years upon years in getting hold of the public. But why talk of steam-engines, clothes brushes, and such utilities? There was one trifling instrument, for which, had the inventor secured a patent, the sale of the article, merely as a toy, would have certainly enriched the proprietor—for the dulllest unit of humanity had but to put the tube to his or her eye to enjoy all the beautiful and varied patterns of the

kaleidoscope. But suppose, instead of a tin machine with reflectors and bits of coloured glass, the novelty had been a "Novum Organon," how many of those peeping thousands and millions might have looked through it and through it, by sunlight and lamplight, without discovering that it was rare food for the mind—prime intellectual Bacon. The truth is, we so far resemble the brutes, that we understand our physical wants and comforts, much more quickly than our mental or moral ones,—just as a turnspit would find out the value of a bottlejack long before that of a Bridgewater Treatise. Hence, the prompt recognition and remuneration of mechanical inventions and inventors. Nor must it be forgotten that government, as wide awake to the Physical, and as fast asleep to the Intellectual, as the loggerheaded duke, John Footman, the kaleidoscoper, and the turnspit,—it ought not to be forgotten that government has sometimes bought his invention of a patentee, but has never purchased a copyright since the invention of printing. It will be time enough, then, when Sir Robert Peel begins to bargain with us for our works, on behalf of the nation, to say that we are on the same footing as the patentees.

The International Question.—and Pirates Foreign and Domestic—in my next.—Yours, &c.

THOMAS HOOD.

THE SHAKSPEARIAN COWARDS. THERSITES.

It seems to be generally agreed on by the commentators, that Chaucer's poem was the primary source from which Shakespeare drew the materials of the wonderful play of 'Troilus and Cressida,' and that the secondary fountains were Chapman's translation of Homer, the 'Troy Book' of Lydgate, and Caxton's prose 'History of the destruction of Troy.' Thersites does not appear in 'Troilus and Cressida.' The Thersites of Shakspeare so closely resembles the Thersites of Homer, that we may safely consider the latter as the original from which the former was portrayed. The points of difference will be afterwards noticed. Here we shall merely remark, as a decisive proof of Shakspeare's conversance with his contemporary's version of the ludicrous incidents of the second book of the Iliad, that he actually adopts expressions which occur in the ill-starred harangue of Thersites, as rendered into English by Master Chapman. One of the scurrilities uttered by the blustering poltroon in council is the following:—

O base Greeks, deserving infamy
And ill eternal, *Greekish girls*, not Greeks, ye are: come fly,
Home with our ships, &c.

In the 3rd Scene of the 3rd Act of 'Troilus and Cressida,' this phrase, "*Greekish girls*," is put into the mouth of Ulysses, in the course of his exquisite dialogue with Achilles:—

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus, now at home,
When fame shall in our islands sound her trumpet,
And all the *Greekish girls* shall tripping sing,—
'Great Hector's sister,' &c.

In the following lines of Chapman, too, where the Ithacan chief so vigorously "puts down" the brawler, —

"Then do not take into that mouth of thine
The names of Kings, much less revile the dignities that SHINE
In their supreme states," &c.—

have we not the germ of the magnificent astronomical image by which the Ulysses of Shakspeare illustrates the due subordination of ranks and powers in civil government?—

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
Observe degree, priority, and place,
Office and custom, in all line of order;
And therefore is the glorious planet Sol,
In noble eminence enthroned and spher'd
Amidst the other, &c.

In the character of Thersites, the father of poetry has given a specimen of his power in the comic and satiric vein, which he was reputed by the ancients to have indulged with freedom in the lost poem of Margites. But Thersites is not the only mover of mirth in the Iliad. Vulcan shakes the sides of the Gods with laughter in the first book, as Thersites does those of men in the second, and the "fun" serves the same purpose in both instances; namely, to put a natural and agreeable end to angry altercation. Homer evidently did not conceive that the dignity of epic poetry was incompatible with a sprinkling of "matter for a May morning." Pope observes, that neither Virgil, nor any of the most

approved ancients, have admitted the comic vein into their compositions of the heroic kind. There is a touch of it, however, it may be observed, in the ridiculous fate of Nisus in the foot-race in the fifth book of the *Æneid*:—

Concidit immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore;
and the figure he makes before the umpires,—

Et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat, et udo
Turpia membra fimo. *Risit pater optimus illi.**

However, Thersites appears but once, so that Homeric example sanctions only a very sparing use of such characters and incidents in heroic works. The part of Thersites, too, is most important; he is a comic character contributing to very grave effects. Agamemnon has put himself in a false position: Achilles has seceded, and there is danger of his becoming the head of an extensive mal-content party: the question of abandoning the enterprise and sailing for Greece is agitated, and the agitators have morality, truth, and reason upon their side. There is, therefore, consummate art in making the most ridiculous and despicable personage in the army the organ of popular dissatisfaction. Homer's Thersites is a deformed buffoon, a foul-mouthed but clever demagogue, and, in addition to these accomplishments, he is very pink of cowards. He is as loquacious and boastful as Parolles, as obstreperous and swaggering as Pistol, and withal as ugly as Caliban, to whom he has been likened by Coleridge. In Sotheby's translation, his portrait is thus drawn:—

They met,—all kept their stations, silent all,
Save loud invecives from Thersites' brawl;
Still jibing, still loquacious, right, or wrong,
Still sharp'n'ing against kings his serpent tongue;
Still prompt, if aught unseemly fell the jest,
To give the vulgar laugh a keener zest.
Foulest of form, the wretch to lion came;
One eye was squinting, and one leg was lame;
The gibbous load that either shoulder prest
In close contention pinched his pointed breast;
And on his sharp convexity of head
Stray hairs, like wool, were here and there outspread,
His bitter joy Ulysses to defame,
Or dim the lustre of Achilles' name.
Now in shrill accents his malicious tongue,
Its sharpest venom on Atreides flung:†

Achilles is lowered by having a partisan and champion of such a character and such a figure. Atreides rises in the inverse proportion; and the righteous stricture on his recent conduct loses weight and poignancy on the licentious tongue of a Thersites. The edge of the attack is turned by the personal worthlessness of the assailant. His very face and figure are antidotes to the venom of his speech. Besides, truth is ridiculous delivered by an habitual dealer in scurrility, and the well-merited and well-aimed blow at the monarch is struck in vain by a notorious raller at authorities and vilifier of crowned heads. Thus the poet manages a public arraignment of Agamemnon; and so manages, that it recoils with laughter and chastisement upon the mouthpiece of the prosecution. Disaffection is vented, and indignation against its object is turned into ridicule of its organ. The army, with the proverbial levity and mutability of a mob, enjoys the correction of its foremost agitator, and the tide of feeling turns as Ulysses would have it flow. In the harangue of Thersites there is nothing ridiculous but his gasconading allusion to his own exploits, which we may suppose were about as real as those of Parolles. In all other points,

* This instance is overlooked oddly enough in some remarks upon this subject in No. 279 of the Spectator. "I remember but *one laugh* in the whole *Æneid*, which rises in the fifth book upon Monetes, where he is represented as thrown overboard, and drying himself upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is so well timed, that the severest critic can have nothing to say against it; for it is in the book of games and diversions, where the reader's mind may be supposed to be sufficiently relaxed for such an entertainment."

† "Right or wrong" translates the adjective *ἀκρίτως* forcibly. This, and the epithet *ἀμετροπῆς*, are diffusely but quaintly rendered by Chapman thus—

"A most disordered store
Of words he foolishly poured out, of which his mind held more
Than it could manage."

‡ In the *Sylvia* of Ben Jonson, we find these remarks upon the character before us:—

"Whom the disease of talking once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse, he will hire men to hear him; and so heard, not hearkened to, he comes off most times like a mountebank, who when he hath praised his medicines, finds none will take them or trust him. He is like Homer's Thersites, *Ἀμετροπῆς, ἀκρίτως*; speaking without judgment, or measure.—*Loquax magis quam facundus. Satis loquentie, sapientie parum.*"

the speech is as powerful as any in the Iliad: bold, nervous, witty, and galling to the quick, because incapable of being answered "upon the merits." "Had Nestor spoken it," says Pope, "the army had sailed for Greece." Philoctetes, in Sophocles, describes Thersites as—*γλώσση δεινὸν καὶ σφόνδρ*. The intrinsic power of the speech in question may be estimated by the circumstance that it calls upon the wisest and most eloquent chief in the council to reply to it. *Τῷ δ' ὤκα παρίστατο*. Ulysses started up. Old Chapman has Englished this admirably:—

"Thus he the people's pastor chid, but straight stood up to him
Divine Ulysses, who, with looks exceeding grave and grim,
This bitter check," &c.

The *λεγὸς ἀγορητής*—"vocal orator"—is, no doubt, an ironical allusion by Ulysses to the dissonant voice of the brawler, who has been before described by the poet as *ὄξεια κεκλήγων*—shrill-screaming.

Shakspeare does not omit this trait. Agamemnon says—

Speak, prince of Ithaca, and be't of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, then we are confident
When rank Thersites opens his mastic'd jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

To return to Homer, it is to be noted that Ulysses (as becomes the grave dignity of his character) makes no allusion to the personal defects of his deformed opponent. He leaves these to operate of themselves upon the spectators, and applies his invective to the poltroonery of the mutineer, and his intolerable presumption in wagging his tongue at the king of kings. He tells Thersites that he is "the worst man that came to Troy;" and it is probable that the Greek adjective implies the absence of every quality that befits the man and the soldier. Ulysses is too discreet to attempt an answer to the substance of the charges against Agamemnon. He covers the railer with ignominy in the presence of the troops; threatens him with a personal correction, exquisitely shameful in its details, upon his next transgression; and, by way of earnest of the promised payment, winds up his brief rejoinder with a tremendous practical peroration delivered upon the shoulders of the cowering culprit with the full length and weight of the royal sceptre.

A more appropriate instrument of correction for the reviler of kings cannot be imagined, and the effects of the blow complete the measure of disgrace and ridicule. The writhings of Thersites are not of the kind that are said by Byron to "dignify pain," like the "Laocoon's tortures." They are rather those of the malefactor, or the school-boy; and the fickle soldiery laugh at their beaten ringleader, and applaud the method of Ulysses.

It is surprising that this Homeric example has not been made use of by the advocates of corporal punishments in our army. Some classic colonel, driven hard for argument, will probably take the hint, and reason from the Ithacan sceptre to the modern military scourge.

The Shakspearian Thersites has all the broader traits of the original,—the ribaldry, the volubility, the poltroonery, the acrid and venomous humour, the habitual and Jacobinical irreverence for "thrones, dominations, principedoms, and powers"; but he does not play the same important part, although his character is more developed in some points. In 'Troilus and Cressida,' Thersites is a kind of cynical chorus, screaming a loud and scurrile, but vigorous and poignant commentary, upon the proceedings of the Grecian chiefs, and the grounds and motives of the war. He serves the poet rather than the plot. As far as the objects of chequering and enlivening the drama, he supplies the place of the clown or buffoon in other plays; but there is no buffoonery in Shakspeare's Thersites. Although his humours are a source of mirth, particularly to Achilles, who calls him "his cheese and his digestion," he is anything

§ This word has been a rare bone of contention to the commentators, some of whom read "mastic'd jaws"; others retain the original reading, and interpret it into an allusion to a satire upon plays and actors printed in 1610, with the title of 'Histrio-Mastix.' This appears far sought. Why may not *mastic'd* mean *masticatory*—jaws only good for mastication, or exhibiting (as Thersites may well be supposed to have done) a huge unsightly set of the implements provided by nature for that process? Surely Shakspeare occasionally takes greater liberties with language than the use of "mastic" for masticatory, or even than the coining of such an adjective from the verb *masticato*. In the very same passage we find "expect" for expectation.

but an intentional producer of diversion. While he provokes laughter, he is himself bitterly in earnest. He has the clown's privilege of uttering offensive truths, but he utters them purely for his own malicious satisfaction. The seriousness of his character is displayed strikingly in his soliloquies, where he shows himself a most independent grumbler: no mere mouthpiece of the spleen of others.

In the opening of the second act we are introduced to him for the first time. There is an altercation between him and Ajax, in which Thersites has the best of the dialogue, but all the blows to his own share. Ajax repeatedly calls to him, but he is too busy railing at Agamemnon to hear.

"Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then.

"Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord."

Ajax, the hero, like Aguecheek, the poltroon, was "a great eater of beef," and this was a trait (we may remember) of Homer's Ajax likewise. Thersites, although as eminent a dastard as Sir Andrew, would seem to have been no beef-eater; from his temper we should rather conclude that he dined exclusively on the mustard, and left the beef for the valiant blockheads whom he so intensely scorns.

"Ajax. Speak then, thou unsalted leaven; speak; I will beat thee into handsomeness.

"Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner can an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain upon thy jade's tricks.

"Ajax. Toad's-stool, learn me the proclamation.

"Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou striketh me thus?

"Ajax. The proclamation!

"Ther. Thou art proclaimed a fool.

"Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

"Ther. When thou art forth in the incursions thou striketh as slow as another.

"Ajax. I say, the proclamation!

"Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty; ay, that thou barkest at him.

"Ajax. Mistress Thersites!"

Notwithstanding all the beef Ajax devours, there is great spirit in the address—"Mistress Thersites!"—levelling the abusive varlet by the stroke of a single word with the fair rhetoricians of the fish-market.

"Ther. Thou shouldst strike him—[Achilles].

"Ajax. Cobloaf!

"Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

"Ajax. You whoreson cur!—[beating him].

"Ther. Do, do.

"Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

"Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows; an assinego may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass; thou art here put to thrash Trojans, and thou art bought and sold amongst those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

"Ajax. You dog!

"Ther. You scurvy lord!

"Ajax. You cur!—[beating him].

"Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do."

The voluble ribaldry of Thersites in this unequal war agrees with the Homeric conception; but there is one trait of the original which Shakespeare omits throughout, and, by substituting another for it, produces a new creation. The coward of the Iliad vapours like Parolles; the coward of 'Troilus and Cressida' is a quarreller like Aguecheek, but so far remote from a vapourer, that he holds heroism cheap as the dust he treads on, and casts their very valour in the teeth of warriors. Homer's Thersites terms his audience "Greekish girls, not Greeks"; and he even refers to his own achievements in the field. In the course of his attack on Agamemnon, he says,—

"Want'st thou then, beside all this, more gold
From Troy's knights, to redeem their sons, whom, to be
dearly sold,
I, or some other Greek, must take," &c.

On the contrary, Shakespeare's Thersites brands Ajax with his prowess, just as Ajax might have stigmatized him with cowardice. "Thou scurvy valiant ass!" and "Mars his idiot!" He is all for wit, and looks upon courage as a mere animal quality, near akin to stupidity, and perhaps but another effect of a beef diet. Unfortunately, wit makes but a poor figure in the lists with valour, when the affair comes to blows. Intellect needs the support of all its pride, when dulness kicks and cudgels it. And Thersites bears himself, it must be owned, with as much hauteur, as is reasonably to be expected after a bout at that unpleasant game—"Ubi tu pulsas, et ego vapulo tantum." When Achilles and Patroclus enter and interpose, Thersites stills harps upon the mental inferiority of Ajax, and alludes to his own gibes, as if he counted them good value for as many buffets.

"Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! His evasions have ears—thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones. I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his pia mater is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles—Ajax—who wears his wit in his belly and his guts in his head,—I'll tell you what I say of him!"

Achilles wishes to hear, but Ajax is again for combating the intellectual with the physical; however, his arm is kept in check, and his wordy antagonist continues to jeer at his lack of wit. He says—"Ajax has not so much wit as will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight."

Achilles inquires—"What's the quarrel?" Ajax answers—"I bid the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation, and he rails upon me." Thersites observes—"I serve here voluntary;" which induces Achilles to remark—"Your last service was surfeiture; 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress." This sally brings the tongue of "Mistress Thersites" upon Achilles himself, who is taunted like Ajax, with being more of a warrior than a wit.

"Ther. Even so: a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: a' were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel."

After some more in the same vein, Ajax protests—"I shall cut out your tongue;" to which Thersites rejoins, "'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards." He then takes a fling at Patroclus, who puts in his word; and with the following parting compliment addressed to all present, makes his exit.

"I will see you hanged, like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your tents; I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools."

All this distinguishes the Shakspearian from the Homeric Thersites broadly. The two parts agree in the points of irreverence for authority, and the volubility of a daring and bitter tongue; both have as much wit as is compatible with want of discretion and decorum; but a single additional trait of humour makes the Thersites of 'Troilus and Cressida' a totally new and distinct character, not only different from the Greek prototype, but from every other coward drawn by Shakespeare. The English Thersites is neither the coward that vapours when he can do so without detection, nor the coward that swaggers when he can do so with impunity, nor the coward that quarrels when he can insult without retaliation: he is something quite apart from all these, and a step beyond them; he is the coward of intellect and principle, who not only wears the white feather, but plumes himself upon it. Coarse and ill-favoured as he is, he feels and asserts the superiority of mind over matter; he is not even to be cudgelled out of his contempt for martial men; he concentrates all his hate and scorn for Ajax in the term "valiant"—

"Thou scurvy valiant ass!"

And in a subsequent scene, Achilles having said—
My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirred,
And I myself see not the bottom of it—

Thersites remarks to himself,—"Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance."

He is as vain of the vulgar gift of fluency, as if he possessed the eloquence of Demosthenes. He upbraids Ajax with "wearing his tongue" precisely

where a soldier ought to wear it—"in his arms." And describing him "going up and down the field" on the eve of his intended combat with Hector, he says, "He is grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster."

Nevertheless he feels the blows of the heroic fist too sensibly not to lament his incapacity to prevent or return such rough compliments. After his drubbing by Ajax, he thus passionately soliloquizes—

"How now, Thersites? What, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. O worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise, that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Foot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken, until these two undermine it, the walls will stand until they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of Gods; and Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little little, less than little, wit from them that they have! which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in convention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their massy irons, and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather, the bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse dependent on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers; and devil, envy, say Amen."

This is most eloquent railing. By "a rare engineer," Thersites means a rare diplomatist. Achilles is an engineer, whose only engine is the sword. The diplomatist cannot brook the soldier. How vigorously the man of mere words and wit expresses his scorn for men of mere brawn and sinew, by the image of drawing the sword to redeem a fly from a spider.

But the blows of Ajax strike still more fire out of our termagant Greek. Patroclus enters, exclaiming, "Who's there? Thersites? Good Thersites, come in and rail." The virago turns upon him with the following inimitable imprecation.

"Ther. If I could have remembered a gilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation; but it is no matter. Thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind—folly and ignorance—be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death," &c.

In the fifth act, Achilles thus addresses him—

"How now, thou core of envy,
Thou crusty batch of nature, what's the news?"

The hero gets a Rowland for his Oliver. Thersites answers—"Why, thou picture of what thou seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee."

But his tongue is against every man, as every man's hand is against him. Of Menelaus he draws the following flattering picture. "To what form but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a toad, a lizard, an owl, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus—I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar, so I were not Menelaus."

In another dialogue with himself, he paints Diomed in the colours following:—"That same Diomed's a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when he leers, than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like Brabler, the hound; and when he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is prodigious: there will come some change; the sun borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his word. I'll rather leave to see Hector than not to dog him: * * I'll after—* * all incontinent varlets."

This much may suffice to illustrate the caustic humour and eloquent Billingsgate of the Shakspearian Thersites. We must follow him now to the battlefield, and see whether he redeems his pusillanimity in tents by his gallantry in action. In the fourth scene of the fifth act, the troops of Greece and Troy engage, and the part taken by Thersites is entirely that of the contemplative soldier,—

"Now they are clapper-clawing one another,
I'll go look on."

When Troilus and Diomed fight, Thersites

stands by, a most indifferent spectator of the combat. We may easily conceive how the incursion of Hector must have deranged his observations:—

"Hect. What art thou, Greek? Art thou for Hector's match?"

"Art thou of blood and honour?"

"Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave, a very filthy rogue.

"Hect. I do believe thee;—live. (Exit.)

"Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me. But a plague break thy neck for frightening me!"

Shortly after, Margarelon, an illegitimate son of Priam, spies and attacks him.

"Marg. Turn, slave, and fight.

"Ther. What art thou?"

"Marg. A bastard son of Priam's.

"Ther. I am a bastard, too: I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour,—in everything illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and why should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us. * * Farewell, bastard.

"Marg. The Devil take thee, coward!"

Dryden, who has been to the play of *Troilus and Cressida* what Bentley was to the *Paradise Lost*, has nevertheless put some characteristic speeches into the mouth of his Thersites. The following soliloquy is Shakspearian.

"What shoals of fools one battle sweeps away! How it purges families of younger brothers; high-ways of robbers: there's nothing like a pitched battle for those brisk addle-heads. Your physician is a pretty fellow; but his fees make him tedious: he rids not fast enough. Your pestilence is a quicker remedy; but it has not the grace to make distinction: it huddles up honest men and rogues together. But your battle has discretion: it picks out the forward fools, and sows them together into immortality. [Shouts and alarm within.] Plague upon these drums and trumpets!—these sharp sauces to the war to get fools an appetite to fighting,—what do I among 'em? I shall be mistaken for some valiant ass, and die a martyr in a wrong religion."

When the hurricane of battle approaches still nearer, he exclaims—"Now would I were either invisible or invulnerable. These gods have a fine time on't; they can see and make mischief, and never feel it."

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In addition to the knighthood bestowed upon Mr. Bishop, announced by us last week, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to bestow a like honour on Mr. George Hayter, Mr. C. Ross, and Mr. William Allan. It is in no narrow or envious spirit that we must pointedly remark, that while three painters and one musician have been thought worthy of such distinction, Literature and Science are passed over, as though they had neither mark nor value in this country. In short, titles seem to have been bestowed on the principle of Sir Robert Peel's invitations to that memorable party, at which H. M. the King of Prussia was desirous to meet "our most distinguished men, in the several departments of Art and Science" (see ante p. 132), and our authors, and philosophers, and scholars, must continue to find abroad, that recognition which is so strangely denied them at home. That they do find this, is evidenced by the late proceedings of the King of Prussia, with reference to the new order of merit he has recently instituted: and of which Baron von Humboldt is appointed Chancellor. Here, Painting is recognized; Professor Cornelius, the distinguished artist in fresco being nominated Vice-Chancellor,—and Music not forgotten, since M. Liszt and Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartoldy have been enrolled among the Chevaliers—But English literature and science are also thought worthy of distinction; Sir John Herschel, Mr. Moore and Professor Faraday, having likewise been placed on the Prussian roll of honour. It is vexatious that to prove Justice even-handed we should have to look beyond the barriers of our own island.—While on the subject of "stars, ribbons, medals," and such gear, we may record, that the King of the Netherlands has recently presented M. Eugène Sue, the well known French novelist, with a medal of his newly founded Order of the Lion; and that, according to the *Diario di Roma*, His Holiness the Pope has busied himself in the restoration of the order of Constantine, founded

by Pope Sylvester, "as a reward for merit in the sciences and literature." M. Raoul Rochette, Secretary of the Paris *Académie des Inscriptions*, is one of the new knights.

The last of the delightful reunions given by the President of the Royal Society, the Marquis of Northampton, will take place this evening. The Annual Conversation of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. Walker, took place on Saturday last. The room was crowded with noblemen, gentlemen, men of science, artists and others, and there were on the tables many curious models of machinery, and interesting works of art.

It is always satisfactory to record the improvement both in individuals and in corporations. We have much pleasure therefore in announcing that the Trustees of the National Gallery have grown wiser in the last twelvemonth, and that on Tuesday last, (the 7th of June) they reduced the price of their Catalogue from 1s. to 6d. It is an odd coincidence, that on the very 7th of June, 1841, we find the Keeper of the Gallery declaring to the Select Committee on National Monuments that he "never found any objection to the price," and "that you could have nothing for less than 6d." We need not stay to inquire how the "could not have" has become "you have," or whether other catalogues at three-pence and a penny may not have removed the film from the eyes of the official Keeper. We hail the change as the advent of others, which shall render the treasures of the National Gallery better known to the public. The present fourpenny Catalogue is nearly a *verbatim* reprint of its predecessor. To have made it correct, whilst making it cheap, was perhaps too great an effort to be accomplished at once. The plan of the official Catalogue may be seen from one specimen:—

No. 58. Claude (Gélic de Lorraine),
Born, 1600. Died, 1682.

A Small Landscape, with Cattle and Figures.

This picture appears to be a study from nature, and was perhaps painted in the fields. Presented by Sir George Beaumont, Bart. On canvas. 1 foot 8½ inches high. 1 foot 4 inches wide.

There are 182 paintings in the collection, and the principle seems to be to append the dates of birth and death of the painter to each picture. We do not think this plan, involving as in the case of Claude, ten repetitions of the facts, altogether the best; but, having adopted it, it would seem only right that it should be carried out. But this is by no means the case. About 20 per cent. of the artists appear neither to have been born nor to have died: at least, the absence of any record of the facts leads to such a conclusion. The date of *Cypp's* death cannot be discovered by the compiler of the Catalogue, though by no means unknown. *Storck* was never born; nor was *Francesco Francia*. *Ercole de Ferrara* and ten others, including such well-known painters as *Copley*, *West*, *Jackson*, &c. have neither births nor deaths assigned to them, though all might have been inserted with a little diligence. Then there are others (e.g. *Alessandro Veronese* (Turchi), No. 92), whose dates are altogether wrong. Certain authorities, Pilkington among them, give his birth in 1600, and at the same time say he was the pupil of *Felice Riccio*, who died in 1605! *Passeri* gives his birth in 1580, and death in 1650. *Whist* *Andrea Pozzo* assigns his death to 1648. The official Catalogue assumes the least likely account, and places his birth in 1600, and thus makes him a painter at five years of age! *Lanzi*, *Pascoli*, and *Bryan's* Dictionary give 1613 and 1675 respectively as the dates of *Gaspar Poussin*,—the official Catalogue gives 1600-1663. The duties at the National Gallery cannot be very heavy, and the officer intrusted with the duty of compiling the Catalogue might, we think, find time to make it as correct as possible. In the eyes of foreigners, such blunders published officially must impute to us a national ignorance and apathy respecting Art which we do not quite merit. We would take this opportunity of suggesting to the Trustees the propriety of keeping the Gallery open all the year. It is now closed for two weeks in September and all the month of October. It does not follow, because "the town" *par excellence* is out of town then, that there are not hundreds who would go to the National Gallery. The autumn is just the season when the Gallery would be frequented by working men and mechanics, if it were not closed.

The officers at the National Gallery require recreation like others, and should have it, but they could easily arrange that matter, as at other public offices which are not closed expressly for the purpose of accommodating their functionaries. The additional cost of attendants for these six weeks would not be more than fifty guineas at the utmost.

Monday last was sold, at Messrs. Christie & Manson's, a picture by *Wilkie*, which may be called 'The Little Ear-Ring' to distinguish it from his larger work on the same subject. Price 183 guineas. As well as we can recollect, the composition is similar to that of the other painting, which has been engraved. The colours are beautifully showy. A degree of slightness characterizes all *Wilkie's* later workmanship; and slightness always entails mannerism—as idleness entails a greater evil than itself. In the sentiment, we have everything to praise; with perfect truth and nature, the young Sufferer, for vanity's sake, clasps her Mother's supporting hand, while her up-drawn eyes glance aversely and fearfully at her Grandam, the operatrix. No faun could shrink from the merciful knife with more dread than she does from the fatal bodkin that is about to pierce her tender little ear, and we may be sure the respectable old Dame looks twice as aged and wrinkled in the martyr's sight now as she did a moment before. Her spectacles add new terrors to her countenance, and she will be "cruel Grandmama!" until she has done the deed, and kissed off the tear that mingles with the one drop of blood which flows down her victim's delicate neck from the pitiless instrument. A lapdog scratching his ear is in harmonious counterpoint both of expression and composition; he is a kind of *Lauch* who feels for his childish companions whenever and wheresoever their flesh tingles—with such exquisite sympathy too.

That he for *voce* has *scratchit* wi' 'em!

Is it not strange how the most humane minds should make affliction the subject of humour? We could moralize on this, and on a thousand other things as apparently trivial, like *Jaques* himself. But enough of the 'Little Ear-Ring' at present!

Surely the Seasons are out of joint. The Calendar and the glorious weather, would lead us to infer that we are somewhere about midsummer—and yet we have received notice from Mr. Murray, which intimates as pleasantly as words can, that we may look for the stir and bustle in the publishing-world any time within the next three months. Thus he has in the press—'Excursions in Newfoundland'; with an Account of the Cod Fishery—'Fog Banks—Sealing Expedition, &c.—and a Geological Survey of the Island,' by J. B. Jukes, F.G.S.—'Norway and its Lapps; with Hints to the Salmon Fisher in Norway,' by John Milford, Esq.—'Asia Minor, Pontus, and Armenia: being Researches in those Countries; with some Account of their Antiquities and Geology,' by W. I. Hamilton, M.P.—'The Bible in Spain,' by George Borrow, author of 'The Gipsies in Spain'—'The Jewess: a Tale from the Shores of the Baltic,' by the author of 'Letters from the Baltic':—to say nothing of 'A Hand-book for Northern Italy'—'A Hand-book for Southern Italy'—'A Hand-book for France'—'A Hand-book for Westminster Abbey, its Art, Architecture, and Associations'—and 'A Hand-book for London, Past and Present'—all considerably advanced.

Mr. Henry Hennell, of the particulars of whose melancholy death, by an explosion of fulminating silver, our readers must be already informed by the report of the inquest, is entitled to a respectful mention in this Journal as a man of science, though from his modest and retiring habits, his merits were not generally known to the public. He was admitted a Fellow of the Royal Society at an unusually early age, and was about the same time a contributor to the Transactions of the Society. The late Sir Humphry Davy entertained, and we know expressed, the highest opinion of him as a man of science—and he was held in equal esteem by Professor Brande and Mr. Faraday.

The lovers of Art will hear with regret that Mr. George Barret, one of the founders of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and an admired contributor to its exhibitions, has died, leaving his widow and family wholly unprovided for. In the statement submitted to us, we are informed that—"his father

was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, but died while his son was very young, leaving him and a large family totally unprovided for: thus he commenced life under difficulties; and struggled through it with exertion, but with patience and content. At its close, he has left a widow, who had been a faithful and excellent wife, two sons, and a daughter, without any provision. The sons may be long be able to support themselves, but the daughter, from her age, must still remain dependent on her mother. As an artist, Mr. Barret's talents, combined with his frugal and industrious habits, ought to have produced him a handsome competency, but he was stimulated more by the love of excellence than the love of money: and though he toiled incessantly at his profession, he earned only sufficient to supply the daily wants of himself and his family. The long illness, too, and subsequent decease of his eldest son, whom he had educated as a surgeon, added to his embarrassments, and, it is feared, accelerated his death. He was naturally of a mild and amiable disposition, and contemplated his approaching dissolution with pious serenity:—his last work, entitled 'Thoughts in a Churchyard,' in the present Exhibition, which is replete with mind and feeling, was studied in the Cemetery at Paddington, on the site of which once stood the Manor House, the residence of the artist's father, in his prosperity; where George Barret's early days were passed, and where his remains are now deposited. Subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Coutts & Co., Bankers, 59, Strand; and by Mr. Ackermann, Publisher, 96, Strand.

A letter of a correspondent in the *Times* mentions that a very valuable mine of quicksilver has been discovered in Bosnia by a German mineralogist, named Schulz, who was travelling through the province at the expense of the Pacha. Samples of the quicksilver have been forwarded to Constantinople, and examined there by M. Paulin, Director of the Mining Department, in presence of a committee, who have reported it to be of excellent quality.

Mr. Wyon, of the Mint, lately forwarded to His Majesty the King of Prussia an impression in wax of the medal executed by him, at the desire of our Queen, to commemorate the visit of that monarch to this country. The medal in question exhibits, on one side a likeness of the Prussian king, and on the reverse the arms of His Majesty, with those of the Queen and Prince Albert, and the crest of the Prince of Wales, and bears the inscription—"Sponsor et Hospes, XXX January, 1842." In return, the Prussian monarch has transmitted to the English artist a medallion in gold, being that coined on the occasion of His Majesty's taking the oath of fealty. We may add, that an impression in wax of the gold medal, by Mr. Stothard, about to be presented to the Pacha of Egypt, by a body of our countrymen, for his protection of the arts of peace in a time of war, has been laid before the Numismatic Society. The medal represents a full-faced portrait and bust of the Eastern prince, and is said to render with great fidelity the characteristic traits of that remarkable man. The bust is encircled by the name and title of the Prince; and the reverse is inscribed as follows:—"The Friend of Science, Commerce, and Order, who protected the Subjects and Property of Adverse Powers, and kept open the Overland Route to India, 1840."

A letter from Rome, published in the *Augsburg Gazette*, contains a curious story of a German Baroness, who has been detected in stealing the marbles forming the magnificent altars of the isolated church of Santa Croce. These altars are composed of some of the finest marble taken from the temples of ancient Rome; and the Baroness had detached several of their tablets with an iron hook before the discovery took place—when a search at her lodgings exposed other depredations of a similar character. The lady's love of art, or veneration for antiquity, has laid her open to the penalty of sacrilege—which is the galley.

It was our intention on the repetition of 'La Vestale,' to attempt a vindication of Spontini's masterpiece against the wholesale contempt thrown upon it by our contemporaries. But we regret to say, that the German performance does not afford us a legitimate occasion for so doing. Stripped of all its pom-

pous accessories, (the triumph at the end of the first act in particular being mutilated without mercy,) coarsely ranted through by the principals concerned in it (Herr Staudigl, it need hardly be added, not being a principal), the orchestra unsteady, the chorus noisy without mellowness: the real opera remains as much a stranger to London ears as it did before the score had passed the Custom House. It is not pleasant to state this, but the fair fame of a composer should not suffer by the manner in which his works are presented. 'Les Huguenots' is now announced for Wednesday, with Mlle. Lutzer as *Valentine*, Herr Breiting, *Raoul*, and Herr Staudigl, *Marcel*.

The French Plays go on triumphantly.—Bouffé being perhaps the only Parisian actor who could come after La Déjazet with any chance of success; his, however, as it deserves, has been brilliant.—The recent decease of Madame Jenny-Colon Leplus has deprived the Comic Opera of France of one of its most natural and sprightly actresses.

The eleventh grand Annual Musical Festival of the Philharmonic Societies of Northern Germany is to be held at Minden, commencing on the 18th of the present month; the performers will be from sixteen to eighteen hundred in number. The programme comprises Mozart's Symphony in D major.—Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.—Berlioz's Overture to 'Les Francs-Juges,' &c.—and Cherubini's Mass in D minor.—A Psalm, by Mendelssohn.—Klopstock's Religious Hymns, set to music by Meyerbeer.—(why do none of our musical societies trouble themselves to import these interesting novelties?)—and Frederic Schneider's Oratorio of 'The Universal Judgment.'

Charitable demonstrations in behalf of the sufferers at Hamburg are making, or have been made, by the musicians in every corner of Germany. Liszt (as a matter of course, for to this the munificent devotion of his powers amounts) has contributed a concert at St. Petersburg, which has produced a sum we almost hesitate to name—nothing short of 40,000 francs.—The Philharmonic Society, it is said, is about to hold a grand Concert in Guildhall, Exeter Hall having been refused it, for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL-MALL.

The Gallery, with the WORKS of the late SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., and a selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue 1s. William BARNARD, Keeper.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dark. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

THE TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUYON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. RESNAIS, from a sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. in 1832. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

AFGHANISTAN.—Just OPENED, PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting VIEW OF CABUL, including every object of interest in the city, the Bala Hissar, the river Cabul, with a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains and the Pass of Khurdi Cabul, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups of figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghanees. The Views of the Battle of Waterloo and of Jerusalem, remain open.

THE THAMES TUNNEL

is OPEN to Visitors, daily, (Sunday excepted,) from Nine in the Morning until Dark, and lighted with Gas. The present Entrance is on the Surrey side of the River, close to Botherhithe Church. The Tunnel is now completed, and is 1,300 feet in length. Admittance, 1s. each.

By order of the Board of Directors,
Company's Office, J. CHARLIER,
2, Walbrook Buildings, City, Clerk of the Company.
May, 1842.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

June 4.—Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci in the chair, who had been elected to the Presidency on the demise of the Earl of Munster.—His Lordship briefly expressed his acknowledgments for the honour conferred upon him, and his high appreciation of the Society's objects.

It was proposed, through Sir Alexander Johnston, that His Highness the Raja of Travancore should be

elected an Honorary Member, in consideration of the encouragement which His Highness had always given to European science, and to education in his own dominions. His Highness was unanimously elected by acclamation.

The papers read formed a continuation of the series on the mineral resources of Southern India; abstracts of which have appeared in former numbers of the *Athenæum*. The first was on the Gold Tracts; and in this, because of the importance of the object, the writer has cast a cursory glance over the vast extent of our Eastern territories where auriferous deposits are scattered,—instead of confining himself wholly to Southern India; at the same time he has detailed only such localities as have not been mentioned by preceding observers. It is well ascertained that gold occurs in large deposits in our Indian possessions, from the Himalayas to Singapore, through an extent of above 2000 miles; and it is no less certain that so far as regards the application of European skill, they have been totally unexplored. Worked by the rude processes of the natives, many of them have yielded fair returns; though it is true that more have been deserted from their supposed poverty. Lieut. Newbold remarks that this poverty is, more than probably, only external; and instances the Ural Mines, which had been so long neglected on the plea of unproductiveness, but which, under the superintendence of experienced miners, now yield a large annual sum to the Russian government. The first gold tract noticed is in the South Mahratta country, in a range called the Kuppul Gode, between 15° and 16° lat. and 75° and 76° long. The existence of this metal is not noticed by Christie in his paper on the geology of that part of the country. It was first brought to the notice of our government by an interesting Brahmin youth, named Trimul Rao, who had been educated by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Bombay. This native visited the hills in March 1839, with the object of fully exploring them. An account of his journey was given in the *Oriental Christian Spectator*; and specimens of various minerals were forwarded by him to Bombay. The gold dust was found in the bed of a rivulet near the village of Doni, about two or three miles south of Dummul.—Lieut. Newbold subsequently found gold dust in a rivulet to the south of Gudduck; and heard of its existence at other places in the neighbourhood. In all these places it is worked by natives, who proceed to the localities immediately after the fall of heavy rains, when it is found in considerable quantities, being washed down from its matrix in the hills. None is found in the dry season. One man, who employed three gold washers, informed Lieut. Newbold that he obtained four rupees' worth in two days; and that he paid half of that sum to the washers as hire. The annual produce of three rivulets was estimated at 2000z. of gold. Several other localities were described; and the processes followed by the natives detailed. The paper concluded with some suggestions as to the best mode of searching for the matrix whence the gold sands must be derived.

The next paper was on the Manganese Mines in the Kuppul Gode range, which the writer was induced to visit by the oral report of Trimul Rao, hoping to find coal there. The spot was a most sequestered one, surrounded by mountains covered with jungle; and far from any frequented track. In spite of its situation, which seemed likely to keep it for ever unnoticed, the ore had been examined by the agents of Hyder and Tippoo, who were probably as much disappointed as the writer himself. The discovery and exploration of so remote a spot, which had escaped the researches of Christie and Dr. Marshall, afford strong evidence of the activity of the Mohammedan monarchs of Mysore.

Lieut. Newbold was not aware of any other mines of lead in South India than those of the Eastern Ghauts, between 14° and 17° lat. and 78° and 80° long. The principal excavations are between Cuddapah and Nellore. They appear to have been known in the times of Hindu dominion, before the Musulman Conquest; but have been long discontinued. The excavations now form a lurking place for the tiger, the leopard, the hyena, and other beasts of prey. Into one of these the writer descended, but, after advancing about thirty paces, was compelled to return by the mephitic state of the atmosphere. Portions of the ore brought home and

analyzed by the Society contained 85 per cent. of sulphuret of lead. Lieut. Newbold is of opinion that these mines deserve examination by some competent European practically acquainted with the subject. Mines of corundum are worked about forty-five miles N.N.W. from Seringapatam, and in several other places in the Peninsula. The name of this stone in the native language is *Corund*, from which, in all probability, the English term is derived. Some details of the mode of working were read, and an account given of the uses for which the natives employ the stone. Some of the mines appear to be rising considerably in value; a native having contracted for the sum of 530 pagodas for one year, while former lessees paid only 250 for the same term. The corundum is purchased at from 15 to 30 measures of 57 oz. each, for one rupee. Fine rubies are found from time to time in the corundum localities, and associated with it, particularly at Viralmodos and Sholasigamani. Garnets are pretty generally diffused throughout India. The finest specimens are found in the crystalline and metalliferous areas of Salem and Nellore, and sold at a low price by the native merchants. The beautiful variety called cinnamon stone is found in the Neigherries in such abundance, that whole portions of rock are formed almost exclusively of them. A valuable mine of precious garnet is worked near Gharilpet, which has been described by Dr. Voysey in the Asiatic Journal of Bengal. These garnets are gently pounded by the miners, in which operation the bad ones are broken: all those which resist the blows are considered merchantable.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—June 7.—The President in the chair.—The conversation was renewed upon the subterranean reservoir of water in the chalk basin of London, when Mr. Braithwaite exhibited and explained a model of the well sunk by him far down into the chalk, for the purpose of supplying Messrs. Reid's Brewery with water. It appeared that he found the greatest amount of water to proceed from immediately beneath the veins of flints, and not in the body of the chalk, as had been asserted. When the body of the well had been sunk to a considerable depth, several drift-ways were driven laterally for considerable distances along the faults and the veins of flints, to collect the water and convey it to the main shaft, by which means 7,700 barrels, of 36 gallons each, were enabled to be raised per day, which, if applied to domestic purposes, would afford a supply for 5,000 families; full accounts of the expense of sinking the well, &c. were given, and it appeared that Mr. Braithwaite's views coincided with those of the majority present as to the disadvantages to be anticipated from pumping up a large supply of water from the chalk in Hertfordshire.

A paper was read 'Upon the alterations of Tullow Bridge (Ireland),' by Mr. C. Forth.—The bridge had been in a dilapidated state for some time, and the approaches were very inconveniently steep, the ascent being one in seven. The paper gave an account of the substitution of flat arches for the semi-circular form, reducing the acclivity to one in forty, adding to the width at the same time without building new piers, the whole being done for the small sum of 485*l*. The paper was illustrated by a drawing supplied by Prof. Vignoles, who enlarged upon the ingenuity of the plan adopted.

A paper from Mr. T. Oldham, the Engineer to the Bank of England, gave an account of the method of numbering and dating Bank notes by machinery in that establishment, and the improvements introduced upon Braham's numbering press, by his father, the late Mr. Oldham, and himself. The description was of course too technical for general readers; suffice to say, that by these improvements, instead of, as in Braham's press, producing only units, and bringing round the tens and hundreds by hand. Oldham's press effects numerical progression from 1 to 100,000, with unerring precision. Mr. Oldham explained that he had carried the machine still further, and by an arrangement of wheels and polls could continue printing to an unlimited numerical extent, with presses properly constructed. The communication was illustrated by a model.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- SAT. Horticultural Society.—Garden Exhibition.
MON. Geographical Society, 4 p. s. P. M.
— Institute of British Architects, 8.—Mr. Godwin will offer some information on the present state of Cologne Cathedral.—A communication from Mr. Schroder, containing some observations upon Artificial Stones formed from Sulphates of Lime and Alumina.—Some particulars of the New Glue invented by Mr. Jefferey, and upon which experiments have been recently tried at Woolwich.
TUES. Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On Sinking, Tubbing, or Coffering Pits in the Coal Districts of the North of England,' by R. T. Atkinson.—'On Iron sheathing broad-headed nails, and inner Sheathing for Ships,' by J. J. Wilkinson.
— Zoological Society, 4 p. s.—Scientific Business.
— Meteorological Society, 8.
WED. Geological Society, 4 p. s.
THUR. Royal Society, 4 p. s.
— Numismatic Society, 7.—Annual.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.

FINE ARTS

EXHIBITION OF THE ANCIENT MASTERS.

LET England put a simple question to all Europe. Let her receive a candid answer. She has been able to exhibit, without presumption, without national prejudice or egotism, SIX series of Modern Works among those of the Ancient Masters—viz. the works of Reynolds, Hogarth, Wilson, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and Wilkie. What other kingdom could have done the same?—we mean with a right which the rest of Europe would have admitted. Could France, on the strength of her two series—Vernet's landscapes and Greuze's figure-pieces? For if she push forward the works of David, Géricault, Girard, Gros, &c. into this rank, we must bring up those of Barry, Morland, Northcote, Stothard, Hilton, and numberless others, into line also. Could Italy, on the strength of Apolloni's productions and Battioni's, or rather the weakness? Could Germany? She has but one such series—Mengs's—and of that she herself would consider an exhibition as an exposure. Fuseli's works are Swiss if not English; or even granting them German, there is scarce a single good picture among so many grandiose designs. We have often been taxed with an unpatriotic prepossession in favour of foreign art; we have always maintained the superiority of living continental painters, as respects elevated aims, enlarged principles, powers well nurtured, and productions of a nobler, purer cast, though less noble and pure, peradventure, than they think them; we cannot, therefore, be deemed partial to our own countrymen on the present question, when we decide it for them against all Europe. No other people could dare to exhibit side by side with the Old Masters one half so many New as the British, without such a contrast rendering their presumption flagrant and ludicrous and repulsive. Of course we do not include among new masters thus exhibitable, those yet above ground; were they compared together, the trumpet we have just blown so loud in Great Britain's praise we should have to fill with a very long sigh! But we need not become sentimental at present: let us, like the schoolboy, who, whatever dismal times await him, pours his pensive soul through a penny-whistle,—let us take little thought of the future; let us hope that ere the Overbecks and the Delaroches depart this life, some British painters will enable their country to stand the brunt of another contest against all Europe, and enable us to blazon her triumph then as we do now.

The present Exhibition consists of one hundred and thirty pictures, sketches, and drawings, by Wilkie, with about sixty productions by the Old Masters. Although the latter are deposited in the last Room, we shall give our notices of them the precedence, because they may be dispatched at once. The pictures properly called Ancient do not comprise a single one of renown, nor any deserving it. That which has most pretension to name, is 'Job and his Friends,' by Salvator Rosa, No. 186. This work neither amazes nor delights, whilst a Salvator often does both, and almost always the first. It seems to be, however, in bad condition, which may account for the obscurity of its beauties, displaying as few as Job's own spotted person, and looking altogether as neglected as if it had been in the care of his Friends. Salvator's rough, earthen impasto harmonized well with such a subject, but still better with 'Diogenes,' No. 191, his favourite philosopher and exemplar of cynical satire. A much more attractive work we consider 'The Virgin presenting the Infant

Saviour to a female Saint,' by Paul Veronese, No. 183. Here we find lustrous, translucent colour, colour we can look into, as into an inch-deep plate of emerald or other pure-bodied precious stone, though the surface of paint lies as thin as a double veil upon the canvas. Here is at least Veronese's rich style of colouring and fleshy modelling, in the cherubic messenger for example. A small 'Boar-hunt,' by Rubens, No. 190, rather light of tone, whilst the Veronese is mellow, bespeaks its different climate, like a Northern blonde beside an Italian brunette; ruddiness of complexion may be said to characterize Rubens's pictures, no less than his countrywomen; this brilliant thing is a *Helen Forman* of pictorial beauties. The extreme hastiness in the design evinces rather a sketch than a picture, but that very hastiness in the workmanship has a wonderful congruence with the subject; we imagine ourselves to see the wild boar rushing across, and to hear the wind whistle as dogs and hunters drive pell-mell through it. 'Environ of Dresden,' by Canaletto, Nos. 192 & 142, which make that dull-grey, dull-flat city look far more bright and ethereal than ever we saw it even of a summer-noon, when the city of Cinmeria would glitter. 'Interior of a Dutch Church,' by Cuypp, No. 181, full of sunshine, but having a hard effect, which sunshine never could produce, shut up in the well of a church, were its walls rock-crystal. 'An Exterior of a Flemish House,' by De Hoge, No. 187: sunshine yet more brilliant, sunshine condensed as it were at the bottom of a parabolic reflector, and nevertheless without any harsh glare or edginess where it breaks upon reticent objects. Some excellent 'Landscapes' by Ruysdael, Nos. 179, 174, 141, which bring the art itself so far forth to perfection, if their monotony of theme and detail display little mind nor technical. A 'Madonna' by Sassoferrato, No. 173, very blue and very white as usual; the frequent repetition of this model proves its merit, or at least its repute. A 'Last Supper' by ditto, No. 180, imitated from Da Vinci's, shows how apt dulness is to become insipid when faint to be impressively simple like genius. 'Heads,' by Titian, No. 169; of a fine character and forcible execution, were they heads of Red Men by Mr. Catlin; we see nothing Titianesque about them. No. 155, 'Adonis going to the Chase,' is another so-called Titian, and is another replica by whatever hand of his famous original, said, like the Irish bird, to be in two places at the same time—our National Gallery and Madrid. 'St. Peter repentant,' by Vandijk, No. 158, a most expressive and powerful head, with that taint of the vulgar which infects all the historical works of this artist, while his portraits are so dignified. A large 'Family Portrait-piece,' No. 153, by him gives the broad-faced Bolingbroke an air of nobleness that might have become the regal house instead of the St. Johns. This picture betrays no great respect for his customer by the finishing. 'Landscape,' by Gaspar Poussin, No. 154; not one of the common 'bottle-green' Gaspars which we mentioned lately as glutting the picture-market, but a select specimen. Storm always arouses Poussin's spirit, which rides it like a god: here is a fine dark rain-burst, making the sun-tipt river beneath it foam with double whiteness; a figure in the clouds, on pretence of rendering the landscape 'historical,' is put there for a purpose purely and skillfully pictorial—it enhances the sublime effect like Virgil's Jupiter brought to improve a tempest-scene just described—"Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte," &c. Carlo Dolce's 'Daughter of Herodias with the head of St. John,' No. 150, has his usual merits and faults, effeminate pathos, over smoothness, and chess-board distribution of light and shade. Did Salomé look sentimental when she danced in with her trophy upon a charger? The best works here are small ones by Ostade, Teniers, and Jan Steen, but we shall postpone our particular opinions about them till next week, as serving to illustrate the works of Wilkie. We keep silence till then, also, about Gainsborough and Reynolds, for the same reason, and because these two painters are more properly modern. A 'Swine-herd,' by Karel du Jardin, No. 147, is beautiful, maugre its subject; but Karel could elevate pig-pieces into idyllies, Morland could only render them exact transcripts of the sty. Two oil-miniatures by William Meris, Nos. 152 and 156, look as smooth as if painted on tan-coloured kidskin; elaborateness and delicate handling could not go much farther in Gerard Dow.

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MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Who could imagine the possibility of an article on the revival of Rossini's 'Barbieri'? Yet Tuesday's performance was full of matters for remark. To take them in the order in which they occurred in the opera: Guasco's *Count Almaviva* gave us something to observe touching the accomplishments now demanded from an Italian tenor. There was grace and expression in his singing:—but the passages of execution in 'Ecco ridente,' and 'Numero quindici,' so mastered him, that he was compelled either to drag his time, or to change the flourishes for simpler passages. Need we on this declare that he is no thorough artist who cannot embellish as well as do plain-work? For the latter, voice and feeling are alone necessary—for the former, fancy, science, application. The *Figaro* of Frederic Lablache had been carefully studied; but it was a mask, in place of the real flesh and blood; the fun was laboured hard at, the wit poorly replaced by grimace and bustle,—not a *Figaro*, in short, to make us forget Tamburini's! Of the incomparable *Doctor Bartolo* of Father Lablache we have formerly spoken; he is now the most prominent character in the opera. In Madame Persiani's *Rosina* there was, as usual, consummate art to admire. Her *cavatina* 'Una voce,' (transposed higher) was decorated with the most arduous and delicate embellishments we ever recollect, even from her treasury. But, as is not uncommon in her case, hardly two of the *aria-belles* were of the same character, whence resulted a certain incoherence of effect, which ought not to be produced in music as individual in form and colour as Rossini's. Throughout the evening, too, she sung sharply out of tune. Again, her choice of Auber's great scene from the 'Domino Noir,' for the music-lesson was a complete mistake: that music demands the voluble lightness of Cinti Damoreau's enunciation; and if not played with, its charm is altogether lost. Persiani sung it without the playfulness,—in slackened time, and accordingly it became dull as well as trivial. Lastly, we have to speak of Sig. Ronconi's *Don Basilio*: which was a very quaint and original comic performance. Shabby, sneaking, spiteful Stupidity can hardly ever have been better personated; and his singing of 'La Calunnia,' though not, perhaps, the version we should adopt of that fine air, inasmuch as it was too farcical and grotesque, was among the most popular things in a successful and interesting version of one of the most delicious of comic operas.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—However eminently compression may be demanded by the present state of musical affairs, the *Second Quartett Concert* of Herr Molique and his party must be substantially noticed, so completely does it stand out in distinct relief among the other chamber concerts we have attended here. Herr Molique's *MS. Quartett* in *E flat*, is a work more likely to find popular acceptance than its predecessor, if only for the simple reason of its being in the major key; a mode too mournfully forsaken by modern composers, in the hope of concealing absence of fresh idea by the wailings and spasms of the more lugubrious scale. But beyond this "short and easy requisite," the directness of purpose, ingenuity of contrivance, and amenity of melody in this quartett, dispose us to rank it as foremost among its author's works,—the quaint and individual *ronchos* to his concertos not forgotten. Passing perforce the great attraction of Miss Kemble's singing, another instrumental feature of the concert was Weber's trio for pianoforte, flute, and violoncello. In this M. Benedict suffered cruel wrong from the hollow and metallic *timbre* of his pianoforte; but Herr Mohr distinguished himself as one of the most attractive players we recollect upon an instrument generally little more engaging or expressive in tone than the stop of an organ. The trio, he it noted, was in itself beauty sufficient almost to carry off bad playing. The crowning treat, however, was Beethoven's *Second Razumouffsky Quartett*; perhaps his very finest, unless it be the grand one in *E flat*, which, we hear, is to be given at the last of these delightful meetings. It is surely hardly possible for *Acção* to soar higher, than in this passionate and imaginative composition of four movements: though none of them deserves to be singled out as superior to the

rest, the *adagio* for its celestial sweetness, dignity, and variety, and the *rondo* for the brilliancy of its joyance, are our two favourites. This work was admirably performed; supposing that Herr Molique might be exceeded in the breadth, grandeur, and fire demanded; his soundness of judgment, calm certitude of tempo, and thorough mastery over all the surprises to which his executive power may be subjected, made themselves felt from first to last; and he was thoroughly well supported by Messrs. Mohr, Hill, and Hausmann,—the two middle parts of the quartett coming out with a fullness of sound and neatness of finish, indispensable to the entire contentment of the ear.—One of the more interesting of the benefit concerts was given on Saturday last by Mr. Kiallmark,—himself a pleasing, and, what is better, an improving pianist. His programme was not too long, and was tastefully varied, including, among other pieces, Hummel's Military Septett, in which he took the principal part,—two performances by M. Thalberg, in one of which, the 'Norma' duet, Mr. Kiallmark joined,—a solo quartett by Spohr, a composition of the master's best tone and manner,—and some admirable singing by Herr Staudigl, who seems to rise in vocal excellence every time we meet him. It was indiscreet in Mr. F. Chatterton to play the harp music of Mr. Parish Alvares, while its writer's own magnificent execution and sonorous tone is so fresh in our ears. There is an appearance of parade in this gentleman's announcements, (*vide* his own concert bill for Monday last), which invites us to a strict examination of his powers: with what result, the above gentle animadversion has already told.

HAYMARKET.—The *Rose of Arragon*, produced at this theatre on Saturday last, with the enthusiastic approbation of a zealous and friendly audience, is another of those poetical melo-dramas which Mr. Sheridan Knowles has latterly preferred before that finer order of plays to which 'William Tell,' and 'The Hunchback' belong. It is less carelessly written, and more neatly constructed, than some of his recent efforts, thus far manifesting a certain degree of improvement. Notwithstanding some good qualities—the best of which are the healthy tone of kindly feeling, and vigorous expression of sentiment, that characterize all Mr. Knowles's dramas, and make the hearts of his audiences respond with a generous sympathy,—'The Rose of Arragon' has not the seeds of prolonged stage existence. That such is the case is owing, we think, to the author's very endeavour to make it more effective in the acting, at the expense of the integrity of the drama. Situation, as Sir Edward Bulwer rightly contends, is essential to an acting play; but to be duly impressive, it should not violate probability of occurrence or consistency of character, nor appear to be gratuitous or superfluous. Now, in this, his last production, Mr. Knowles has contrived his striking situations with so little regard to the context, that they have the effect of diverting the current of passion from its proper channel; and the course of events, instead of flowing onwards with cumulative rapidity and volume as it approaches the denouement, is retarded and frittered away. The *Rose of Arragon* is a peasant girl, whose surpassing beauty gained for her this appellation, and the perilous honour of the love of the King of Arragon's son. The Prince's secret marriage with her being made known to his father by her brother, *Alasco*, who is impatient to have his sister's alliance recognized, the King annuls the marriage, sending the *Prince* into honourable banishment, and *Olivia* back to her father. This causes a rising of the peasantry, headed by *Alasco* and his friend *Almagro*, who had been a suitor to *Olivia*. The King is deposed,—owing his life to the interposition of his son's peasant wife; and the *Rose of Arragon* is appointed Regent. This office, however, *Almagro* secures for himself, taking advantage of his position to get rid of *Alasco*, and force *Olivia* into a marriage with him. She resisting, he orders her to be murdered, and her father to be put to the rack; but the minister of his sanguinary commands is no other than the *Prince* disguised as a Moor, and the father and daughter are saved without the cognizance of *Almagro*. Meanwhile, *Alasco*, who had fled, to escape danger to himself and obtain succour, returns, and finds *Almagro* in prison for the murder of his father, who is reported to have died on the rack. A scene at once horrible

and ludicrous brings about the catastrophe. *Alasco* has *Almagro* brought into the torture chamber, and forgetting his own feelings in his desire to wring the conscience of the wretch, bids *Almagro* sit down upon the rack, upon which he supposes his own father had died in torture; and, after upbraiding his false friend with treachery and baseness, and setting forth his own merits, *Alasco* tells him he shall die by his hand; thereupon giving him a sword, and bidding him defend himself. *Almagro*, by a trick, disarms *Alasco*, whom he threatens with death, first telling him that he has killed *Olivia*; but the voices of *Alasco's* father and sister are heard calling to him, and the supposed dead persons enter, followed by the King, the Prince, and the whole court, to form a final tableau. *Almagro*, who had taken poison, dies, just as the King had granted *Alasco's* prayer for his life; and the *Rose of Arragon* is transplanted to the palace. That an incident of romantic beauty should have been thus converted into a means of stimulating the morbid appetite for coarse excitement, and a fine opportunity lost of making friendship the theme of a drama of ennobling purpose, deep interest, and lasting popularity, cannot but be regretted by all who appreciate the beneficial influence of Mr. Knowles's better dramas on the public mind: the power that he possesses for doing good or harm to the popular taste is too great to be lightly regarded. Let us lessen the taint, as far as may be, by a few drops of the "medicinal gum" that exudes from the vigorous stock of Sheridan Knowles's genius. *Alasco's* father thus cautions his son against *Almagro*:

Ruph. He doats who loves *Almagro*!
Thou, boy! perceiv'st not he is arrogant?
Whom does he not o'erbear that is too weak
From gentleness or place, to throw him off?
Of all pernicious things, the very worst
Is large ambition with a narrow soul.
Because it strives for power which, when obtain'd
'Tis certain to abuse.
Alas. He is generous!
Ruph. And you do hear of it. Boy, there are men
Who coin by charities, and he is one!
Say what he gives, I'll tell you what he gets
By what he gives, which makes his bounties mites;
His modest bounties, that do never seek
To slum the light. He is ungrateful, son!
And he that is ungrateful can't be generous!

Hear old *Ruphino* again:—

We do know gold—not men! The coin that's spurious
Won't pass with one in twenty!—out of twenty
Take one, you scarcely the proportion leave.
Who, for the sterling man, will take the base?
Opinion lends it! Let but the cheat keep close,
Take heed the wash conceals the brass or lead.
The stamp and colour carry it!—we do ring gold,
We do not so with men, but trust report.
Or sight; and hence the coiner swamps the mint!
So where base metal stops, the counterfeit
Of human nature passes!

Thus discourse *Alasco* and *Almagro*:—

Alm. Methinks was never pair
So link'd in love as we are! We should have been
Brothers!
Alas. And we are so!—are we not?
The worth of birth is but the right to love.
We love as well as brothers, do we not,
Without that right?—what are we then but brothers?
Come you to flesh and blood?—as all mankind
Had but one parentage, in the great first,
All flesh and blood are one!
Alm. Yet there's a nearness
In affinity.
Alas. Marry yes,—for cuffs as well
As huggings!—Brothers have been haters!—From
One womb spring many natures, as diverse
As the winds, the children of the common air!

Alm. Friendship is
A godlike thing!
Alas. 'Tis perfect in itself!
So has the start of love, that's not content
Without its guerdon rich; to purchase which,
Crowns have been lost, and what surpasses them,
The grace of which they are but symbolical!
Hence blossoms richer than the garden's prime,
Supposing 'em the Hesperian fable truth,
Have broke their golden promise, and for fruit,
Given all their glorious hues to nourish poison!
But friendship, save its mood, seeks no delight:
Therein it all rejoices!—temperate—
Without the fiery throbbings of the brain,
And beatings of the heart!—unequal—pleas'd
To gather hearts for those it cherishes,
And of its own, making a goodly field,
Where nothing springs, but healthy generous seed,
Fair thoughts, pure feelings, sentiments sublime,
To justify and grace its lov'd election!

The character of *Almagro* is well developed in action, but it is the only one that is marked with individuality: it is personated by Mr. Phelps with a rude, homely vigour that becomes the peasant, and

he brings out its villainous traits with force and tact, though an artist of more refined skill might have given nicer inflections to its subtlety. Mr. Charles Kean as *Alonso* wears an aspect of moody pride and gloom, that hardly accords with the ingenious trustfulness of the character: he delivered the dialogue in an abrupt and flippant way that is at once unpleasant and uncharacteristic, occasionally with such a hurried utterance, that the words are unintelligible. Altogether, his style is of that cold, rigid, formal character that becomes monotonous by constant repetition. He speaks by rote, and gives one the idea of an actor whose aim is rather to exhibit his personal cleverness, than to merge his individuality in the assumed character. Mrs. C. Kean, as the *Rose of Arragon*, excites less interest for the character than could be desired; but the fault rests more with the author, than with the actress, for he has sacrificed it to stage situation: what Mrs. Kean has to do she does well, and effectively. Mr. Stuart, as *Ruphino*, is the only other actor whom we can mention with approbation, the company being generally incompetent to the performance of a serious play; and as regards the getting up, the scenery only is praiseworthy, the costumes being merely passable. Mr. Farren, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Nisbett are playing in comedy on the two nights in the week not devoted to the new play.

At the LYCEUM, a trifle of the lightest description, called "The Water Witches," of which a party of girls dressed as amateur watermen forms the principal attraction, has varied the entertainments; and at the NEW STRAND, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley are working the same wonders, as Mr. Harley and Mrs. Humby are at the Lyceum; namely, drawing people into a hot theatre this delectable weather by the promise of a laugh.

BURGH CONCERT ROOM, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—In aid and for the BENEFIT of the SUFFERERS at the HAM-BURG CONFLAGRATION. Mr. MOSCHELES has the honour to announce a GRAND MORNING CONCERT of Vocal and Instrumental Music, on FRIDAY, JUNE 21. The following performers have offered their gratuitous assistance: Mendelssohn, Paganini, Poggi, Caradori Altan, Molteni, Ronconi, Gramaglia, Ricci, Ernesta Grisi, Stoeckl, Heinefetter, Graziani, and Miss Adelaide Kemble; Signors Mario, Poggi, Guasco, Vreut, Giorgio Ronconi, Lablache, R. Costa, F. Lablache, Herr Staudigl, and Mr. John Parry. Grand Pianoforte, Madame Dulcken, Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Benedict, and Mr. Moscheles; Violin, Mr. Molique; Horn, Signor Fuzzi; Conductors, Signor Costa, Messrs. Benedict and Moscheles; Librarian, Mr. Walker. Tickets may be had of the principal Music-sellers.

Mr. Thalberg, Mr. Parish Alvares, Madame Caradori Altan, Signor Mario, Mrs. W. H. Seguin, Mrs. W. Loder, Miss Bruce Wyatt, Miss Dolby, Miss Ley, Miss M. B. Hawes, Messrs. Hobbs, W. H. Seguin, Sola, Parry, Jun., Howell, Icardi, Willey, and Hatton. MRS. W. H. SEGUIN and MISS BRUCE WYATT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT, on FRIDAY NEXT (the 17th inst.), at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, to commence at Two o'clock. Conductor, Sig. Negri. Tickets, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 12s.; to be had of Mrs. W. H. Seguin, at her residence, 13, Curzon Street, May Fair; Seguin's Library, 12, Regent Street, Pall Mall; of Miss Bruce Wyatt, 68, Upper Norton Street, and of all the principal Music-sellers.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—May 30.—The reading of papers connected with the accident on the Versailles Railway occupied a great portion of this sitting. One of the most interesting was by M. François, an engineer of mines, on the means of preventing the crystallization of iron used in machinery. On the examination of the ruptured axle of the engine, which was the cause of the calamity on the 8th ult., the conclusion came to was, that the rupture had been caused by this crystallization, the iron being of the best quality, and of a volume more than sufficient for the purpose to which it was applied. Similar results on other railways have been ascribed to the same cause; but no person has been successful in the means of preventing the recurrence of accident by an improved mode of manufacturing the iron, and all that could be done in the way of precaution was, not to permit iron axles to remain in use for so long a period as to undergo the crystalline change which is so fatal, and of which external appearances give no indication. M. François informs us, that, in a long continued series of experiments, he has observed that a magnetic action upon iron when in a state of fusion, will produce the change alluded to, causing the small and closely adhering grains to crystallize into coarse and larger grains, depriving it of its compact character; and it is inferred, that the action of heat upon axles employed in machines, subjected to great velocity, will produce the same effect. This can only be prevented by diminishing the volume of silicate in the iron, by carefully sweating the coal employed in melting, and above all, by the use, in the manufacture of axles, of

iron which has already undergone a partial change in its vitreous character, and which, on being reworked, is much less susceptible of crystalline change than new iron.—Another communication, on the same subject, by Colonel Aubert, was also read. He agrees with M. François as to the cause of the imperfection complained of, but appears to think that the only real precaution is, to change the axles employed in railway locomotives so frequently as not to give time for them to undergo the crystalline change, which is found to be so destructive.—Another paper, by Mr. Manby, on the causes of railway accidents, and the means of preventing them, excited much attention. This engineer recommends the use of four-wheeled locomotives, but with some important modifications in the construction of them, both as regards the axles, so as to expose them to an inferior degree of stress than upon the present system, and the frame-work of the wheels, which should, he says, be within the wheels, and immediately under the boilers. He also lays down some practical rules for counteracting the liability of locomotives to run off the rails, and mentions several facts in support of the correctness of the various portions of his system.—A paper, by M. Pambour, on the means of checking, or rather equalizing the velocity on railways, by the use of fans, deriving a force of resistance in the precise proportion of the velocity communicated by the impetus of a train, was next read.—M. Fleuriat de Bellevue made a communication on the deterioration of stone in buildings, which he ascribes to an emanation of acid gas from the earth. He recommends a series of minute, but apparently almost impracticable, chemical experiments in the way of analysis of this emanation.—A communication was read from M. Agassiz, announcing that the King of Prussia has placed at his disposal a sufficient sum of money for him to test, in the glaciers of Aar, the truth of his theory respecting the progressive motion of glaciers towards the adjoining valleys. He is about to pierce an opening downwards from the highest point of the glaciers, and expresses a conviction that the result will prove his theory to be correct.—M. Angelo addressed the Academy at some length on the eclipse of the sun, then about to take place.

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* *Athenæum*.
† *John Bull*.

‡ *Dublin Evening Mail*.
§ *Edinburgh Mercury*.

¶ *Tait's Magazine*.
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